

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE;

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Captain Beechey's Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Strait.* 4to. pp. 742. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

The perusal of this volume throughout has afforded us unmingled pleasure. The story is so well told, and the information is of so interesting a nature, that it is like proceeding along an agreeable path, with something at every turn to stop at and admire. But the more our gratification has been increased, we have felt the more our want of power to do justice to the highly-gifted author's narrative. The more perfect his pictures are, the less do we find ourselves competent to reduce them within our miniature size; the more finished his descriptions, the less will they bear to be broken into insulated fragments. We must, therefore, after all, be satisfied with performing a very imperfect duty towards a volume of very superior excellence.

With his code of instructions in his "locker," our gallant and intelligent Captain sailed from Spithead on the 19th of May, 1825, in the *Blossom*, of twenty-six, but mounting sixteen guns, carefully fitted out for the voyage, and with a complement of 110 persons; the object to meet Captain Parry or Captain Franklin in Beering's Strait, should the naval expedition of the former, or the land expedition of the latter, succeed in reaching that outlet to the Pacific. And as the *Blossom* in her route would traverse a portion of the globe hitherto little examined, her commander was directed to explore and survey these parts, with the view to the furtherance of navigation and general science: the task could not have been intrusted to abler hands.

With such a trip before us, our first tack is to double Cape Horn. Quitting the coast of Chili, the island of *Sala-y-Gomez* was inspected through the glasses, and the ship bore away for Easter island.

"As the boats approached, the anxiety of the natives was manifested by shouts, which overpowered the voices of the officers: and our boats, before they gained the beach, were surrounded by hundreds of swimmers, clinging to the gunwale, the stern, and the rudder, until they became unmanageable. They all appeared to be friendly disposed, and none came empty-handed. Bananas, yams, potatoes, sugar-cane, nets, idols, &c. were offered for sale, and some were even thrown into the boat, leaving their visitors to make what return they chose. Among the swimmers there were a great many females, who were equally or more anxious to get into the boats than the men, and made use of every persuasion to induce the crew to admit them. But to have acceded to their entreaties would have encumbered the party, and subjected them to depredations. As it was, the boats were so weighed down by persons clinging to them, that for personal safety the crew were compelled to have recourse to sticks to keep them off, at which none of the natives took offence, but regained their position the instant the attention

of the persons in the boat was called to some other object. Just within the gunwale there were many small things which were highly prized by the swimmers; and the boats being brought low in the water by the crowd hanging to them, many of these articles were stolen, notwithstanding the most vigilant attention on the part of the crew, who had no means of recovering them, the marauders darting into the water, and diving the moment they committed a theft. The women were no less active in these piracies than the men; for if they were not the actual plunderers, they procured the opportunity for others, by engrossing the attention of the seamen, by their caresses and ludicrous gestures. In proceeding to the landing-place the boats had to pass a small isolated rock which rose several feet above the water. As many females as could possibly find room crowded upon this eminence, pressing together so closely, that the rock appeared to be a mass of living beings. Of these Nereids three or four would shoot off at a time into the water, and swim with the expertness of fish to the boats to try their influence on their visitors. One of them, a very young girl, and less accustomed to the water than her companions, was taken upon the shoulders of an elderly man, conjectured to be her father, and was, by him, recommended to the attention of one of the officers, who, in compassion, allowed her a seat in his boat. She was young and exceedingly pretty; her features were small and well made, her eyes dark, and her hair black, long, and flowing; her colour, deep brunette. She was tattooed in arches upon the forehead, and, like the greater part of her countrywomen, from the waist downward to the knee in narrow compact blue lines, which at a short distance had the appearance of breeches. Her only covering was a small triangular mat, made of grass and rushes; but this diminutive screen not agreeing with her ideas of propriety in the novel situation in which she found herself, she remedied the defect by unceremoniously appropriating to that use a part of one of the officer's apparel, and then commenced a song not altogether inharmonious. Far from being jealous of her situation, she aided all her countrywomen who aspired to the same seat of honour with herself, by dragging them out of the water by the hair of the head; but, unkind as it might appear to interfere to prevent this, it was necessary to do so, or the boats would have been filled and unmanageable. As our party passed, the assemblage of females on the rock commenced a song, similar to that chanted by the lady in the boat; and accompanied it by extending their arms over their heads, beating their breasts, and performing a variety of gestures, which shewed that our visit was acceptable, at least to that part of the community. When the boats were within a wading distance of the shore, they were closely encompassed by the natives; each bringing something in his hand, however small, and almost every one impertaining for an equivalent in return. All those in the water were naked, and only here

and there, on the shore, a thin cloak of the native cloth was to be seen. Some had their faces painted black, some red; others black and white, or red and white, in the ludicrous manner practised by our clowns; and two demon-like monsters were painted entirely black. It is not easy to imagine the picture that was presented by this motley crowd, unrestrained by any authority or consideration for their visitors, all hallooing to the extent of their lungs, and pressing upon the boats with all sorts of grimaces and gestures. It was found impossible to land where it was at first intended: the boats, therefore, rowed a little to the northward, followed by the multitude, and there effected a disembarkation, aided by some of the natives, who helped the party over the rocks with one hand, while they picked their pockets with the other. It was no easy matter to penetrate the dense multitude, and much less practicable to pursue a thief through the labyrinth of figures that thronged around. The articles stolen were consequently as irretrievably lost here, as they were before in the hands of the divers. It is extremely difficult on such occasions to decide which is the best line of conduct to adopt: whether to follow Captain Cook's rigid maxim of never permitting a theft when clearly ascertained to go unpunished; or to act as Perouse did with the inhabitants of Easter Island, and suffer every thing to be stolen without resistance or remonstrance. Perhaps the happy medium of shutting the eyes to those it is not necessary to observe, and punishing severely such as it is imperative to notice, will prove the wisest policy. Among the foremost of the crowd were two men, crowned with pelican's feathers, who, if they were not chiefs, assumed a degree of authority, and with the two demons above mentioned attempted to clear the way by striking at the feet of the mob; careful, however, so to direct their blows, that they should not take effect. Without their assistance, it would have been almost impossible to land: the mob cared very little for threats: a musket presented at them had no effect beyond the moment it was levelled, and was less efficacious than some water thrown upon the bystanders by those persons who wished to forward the views of our party. The gentleman who disengaged first, and from that circumstance probably was considered a person of distinction, was escorted to the top of the bank and seated upon a large block of lava, which was the prescribed limit to the party's advance. An endeavour was then made to form a ring about him; but it was very difficult, on account of the islanders crowding to the place, all in expectation of receiving something. The applicants were impatient, noisy, and urgent: they presented their bags, which they had carefully emptied for the purpose, and signified their desire that they should be filled: they practised every artifice, and stole what they could, in the most careless and open manner: some went even farther, and accompanied their demands by threats. About this time one of the natives, probably a chief, with a cloak and head-dress of

feathers, was observed from the ship hastening from the huts to the landing-place, attended by several persons with short clubs. This hostile appearance, followed by the blowing of the conch-shell, a sound which Cook observes he never knew to portend good, kept our glasses for a while riveted to the spot. To this chief it is supposed, for it was impossible to distinguish amongst the crowd, Mr. Peard made a handsome present, with which he was very well pleased, and no apprehension of hostilities was entertained. It happened, however, that the presents were expended, and this officer was returning to the boat for a fresh supply, when the natives, probably mistaking his intentions, became exceedingly clamorous; and the confusion was further increased by a marine endeavouring to regain his cap, which had been snatched from his head. The natives took advantage of the confusion, and redoubled their endeavours to pilfer, which our party were at last obliged to repel by threats, and sometimes by force. At length they became so audacious, that there was no longer any doubt of their intentions, or that a system of open plunder had commenced; which, with the appearance of clubs and sticks, and the departure of the women, induced Mr. Peard, very judiciously, to order his party into the boats. This seemed to be the signal for an assault. The chief who had received the present, threw a large stone, which struck Mr. Peard forcibly upon the back, and was immediately followed by a shower of missiles which darkened the air. The natives, in the water and about the boats, instantly withdrew to their comrades, who had run behind a bank out of the reach of the muskets; which former experience alone could have taught them to fear, for none had yet been fired by us. The stones, each of which weighed about a pound, fell incredibly thick, and with such precision, that several of the seamen were knocked down under the thwarts of the boat; and every person was more or less wounded, except the female to whom Lieutenant Wainwright had given protection, who, as if aware of the skillfulness of her countrymen, sat unconcerned upon the gunwale, until one of the officers, with more consideration for her safety than she herself possessed, pushed her overboard, and she swam ashore. A blank cartridge was at first fired over the heads of the crowd; but forbearance, which with savages is generally mistaken for cowardice or inability, only augmented their fury. The showers of stones were, if possible, increased; until the personal safety of all, rendered it necessary to resort to severe measures. The chief, still urging the islanders on, very deservedly, and perhaps fortunately, fell a victim to the first shot that was fired in defence. Terrified by this example, the natives kept closer under their bulwark; and though they continued to throw stones, and occasioned considerable difficulty in extricating the boats, their attacks were not so effectual as before, nor sufficient to prevent the embarkation of the crew, all of whom were got on board. Several dangerous contusions were received in the affair; but fortunately no lives were lost on our part: and it was the opinion of the officer commanding the party, that the treacherous chief was the only victim on that of the islanders, though some of the officers thought they observed another man fall. Considering the manner in which the party were surrounded, and the imminent risk to which they were exposed, it is extraordinary that so few of the natives suffered; and the greatest credit is due to the officers and crews of both

boats for their forbearance on the occasion. After this unfortunate and unexpected termination to our interview, I determined upon quitting the island; as nothing of importance was to be gained by remaining, which could be put in competition with the probable loss of lives that might attend an attempt at reconciliation. The disappointment it occasioned was great to us, who had promised ourselves much novelty and enjoyment: but the loss to the public is trifling, as the island has been very well described by Roggewein, Cook, Perouse, Kotzebue, and others; and the people appeared, in all material points, the same now as these authors have painted them."

Captain Beechey attributes the hostile disposition of the natives, and its unfortunate consequences, to the visits of unprincipled masters of trading vessels, whose conduct has been such as to inspire the people with jealousy and hatred.

After visiting Ducie and some other islands, the Blossom arrived at Pitcairn Island. Here old Adams, in his sixty-fifth year, immediately came on board. "He was," we are told, and it is corroborated by an interesting engraving of him, "unusually strong and active for his age, notwithstanding the inconvenience of considerable corpulence. He was dressed in a sailor's shirt and trousers, and a low-crowned hat, which he instinctively held in his hand, until desired to put it on. He still retained his sailor's gait, doffing his hat and smoothing down his bald forehead, whenever he was addressed by the officers. It was the first time he had been on board a ship of war since the mutiny, and his mind naturally reverted to scenes that could not fail to produce a temporary embarrassment, heightened, perhaps, by the familiarity with which he found himself addressed by persons of a class with those whom he had been accustomed to obey. Apprehension for his safety formed no part of his thoughts: he had received too many demonstrations of the good feeling that existed towards him, both on the part of the British government and of individuals, to entertain any alarm on that head; and as every person endeavoured to set his mind at rest, he very soon made himself at home."

Our readers are aware that this remarkable individual is since dead: we have had kindly communicated to us a letter from the island, of the 19th March last; and as the public have felt much curiosity respecting this semi-English settlement, we shall notice its substance.

The writer acknowledges the arrival of tools, clothing, and other articles, by the Seringapatam, the Hon. Capt. Waldegrave, and sends the thanks of the islanders to government for these welcome supplies. He then mentions a report that had reached them from Mr. Nott, a missionary, of its being the intention of the Admiralty to send a ship to convey them to Otaheite, or some of the Friendly Islands. This, we had heard, was intended a year or two ago, but we presume the plan has been abandoned; and we rejoice at it, for the writer adds: "the natives are all satisfied at present with their little island, and do not desire to leave it." Adams, he relates, died on the

\* Captain B., however, says, at the period he was there: "Some books of travels which were left from time to time on the island, and the accounts they had heard of foreign countries from their visitors, has created in the islanders a strong desire to leave it. The idea of passing all their days upon an island only two miles long, without seeing any thing of the world, or, what was a stronger argument, without doing any good in it, had with several of them been deeply considered. But family ties, and an ardent affection for each other, and for their native soil, had always interposed to prevent their going away singly." He adds: "George Adams, having no wife to detain him,

5th of March, 1829, after a short illness; and his wife survived him but a few months. The writer expresses the gratitude of himself and the rest for the kindness experienced from the Blossom, and for the remembrance of their wants, which led to the shipment in the Seringapatam. Since the death of Adams, he and another young man who had stopped there, officiated in the performance of religious duties, and in the instruction of the children. George Adams had married Polly Young, and had two sons; Sarah Christian was the wife of George Nobbs (the young man above alluded to); while Robert and Edward Young, and Mary Christian, were yet unmarried. The inhabitants were all in good health. With this slight sorry episode, we resume our review; and we are sorry we cannot extract Adams's account of the mutiny in the *Bounty*. The description of the natives is also extremely interesting. At Gambier Island the natives were very troublesome and thievish; and Captain B. relates:

"I determined, since the main deck was cleared, that it should be kept so, and placed a marine at each of the ladders; but as the natives tried every method to elude their vigilance, the sentinels had an arduous task to perform; and disturbances must inevitably have arisen in the execution of their orders, had it not been for our Newfoundland dog. It fortunately happened that this animal had taken a dislike to our visitors; and the deck being cleared, he instinctively placed himself at the foot of the ladder, and in conjunction with the little terrier, who did not forget his perilous hug of the day before, most effectually accomplished our wishes. The natives, who had never seen a dog before, were in the greatest terror of them; and Neptune's bark was soon found to be far more efficacious than the point of a sentry's bayonet, and much less likely to lead to serious disturbances. Besides, his activity cleared the whole of the main deck at once, and supplied the place of all the sentinels. The natives applied the name of *boa* to him,—a word which in the Otaheitean language properly signifies a hog. But it may be observed, that *boa* is applied equally to a bull or to a horse, which they call *boa-afae-tata*, (literally, man-carrying pig), or to all foreign quadrupeds." The natives here were also very hostile.

[To be continued.]

but, on the contrary, reasons for wishing to employ his thoughts on subjects foreign to his home, was very anxious to embark in the Blossom; and I would have acceded to his wishes, had not his mother wept bitterly at the idea of parting from him, and imposed terms touching his return to the island to which I could not accede. It was a sore disappointment to poor George, whose case forms a striking instance of the rigid manner in which these islanders observe their word. Wives upon Pitcairn's Island, it may be imagined, are very scarce, as the same restrictions with regard to relationship exist as in England. George, in his early days, had fallen in love with Polly Young, a girl a little older than himself; but Polly, probably at that time liking some one else, and being at the age when young ladies' expectations are at the highest, had incautiously said, she *never would* give her hand to George Adams. He, nevertheless, laid claim to a hope that she would one day relapse to this end; and was unremitting in his endeavours to please her. In this expectation he was not mistaken; his constancy and attentions, and, as he grew into manhood, his handsome form, which George took every opportunity of throwing into the most becoming attitudes before her, softened Polly's heart into a regard for him, and, had nothing passed before, she would willingly have given him her hand. But the vow of her youth was not to be got over, and the love-sick couple languished on from day to day, victims to the folly of early resolutions. The weighty case was referred for our consideration; and the fears of the party were in some measure relieved by the result, which was, that it would be much better to marry than to continue unhappy, in consequence of a hasty determination made before the judgment was matured; they could not, however, be prevailed on to yield to our decision, and we left them unmarrried."

*Cambrian Superstitions; comprising Ghosts, Omens, Witchcraft, Traditions, &c.; with a concisive View of the Manners and Customs of the Principality, &c.* By W. Howells. 12mo. pp. 194. Tipton, 1831, Danks; London, Longman and Co.

How dare Mr. Howells attempt to be facetious in a work of this sort? To buffoon a ghost-story, to jest with omens, and to laugh at witchcraft, are unpardonable mistakes in any writer upon these subjects. If he does not seem to be in earnest with them, their whole charm is lost: without a tolerable tincture of superstition no man ought to put pen to paper about corpse-candles, presentiments, fetches, evil days, will-o'-the-wisps, or bogles. Holding this opinion, we could absolutely kick the author for writing in so uncongenial a style as the annexed.

"It is pretty generally known in Carmarthen, that it was the custom (one not quite obsolete, it being revived about a year or so ago) of spirit to make his or her appearance every night (I presume there are male and female ones), and follow them, to the no small terror of the travellers on the road to St. John's town. She was generally supposed to be a witch, and the place is still styled after her, *Pen llan wic*: but one would imagine a witch would not take the trouble to be there so often without some emolument. Be that as it may, it is credited by the illiterate Welsh, to have been as true as that St. David is patron saint of Wales, that there *has been* a being haunting that road, to whatever genus he or she may appertain; and it was said re-appeared about a year ago, or thereabouts, probably to see how matters were going on, and to give information of the different marches of improvement, intellect, &c. in the shades below."

Were it not impossible that any book about supernatural things could be dull, we really think this Welsh exposition would have been too poor for review; but as hobgoblins and spectres, wheresoever and howsoever they appear, are worthy of some notice, we shall recall two or three of the best from the narrative before us.

"It was very prevalent in Cambria for people to see the funerals of others going to church previous to their death; and it appears not only by the possessors of the second sight, but also by many others. On one occasion, a countryman was returning home about dusk with his team, near Llanpumsaint, Carmarthenshire, when he met one of these ghostly funerals, and, what appears rather singular, the fore-horse was startled at sight of the procession; in about a week after this, the funeral of a person who died suddenly at a farm near there passed that way, and the same man happening to see it, declared the incorporeal and substantial funerals were precisely alike in every respect. Another circumstance in vogue is of a young man of Trelech, Carmarthenshire, who, returning home about 'the hour when spirits roam' from visiting his *cariad*, also met one of these spectral burials, and possessing a considerable share of courage, followed it after it passed him, in order to see what would occur. He had not proceeded far, ere he observed one of the company turn aside to accost a friendly ghost who seemed passing by, with 'Well, Rees, *sut yr ych chwi eachgen?* (how d'ye do, boy?)' In a few days after, a funeral passed by that way, and that he might ascertain whether such things were, the man followed, and confidently asserted to many that the circumstance of the man being accosted actually took place,

About thirty years ago, there was a rumour which many of the old inhabitants of Carmarthen may recollect, of the singular appearance of three of these funerals at noon, near Cwmdyrran, when several people were reaping in field not far distant, and one observing them, called out to the rest, when all, to the number of about twelve, beheld them for a considerable time moving along. In the course of the week three deaths occurred, and the three funerals passed the way where their forerunners were seen, at the same time. These are a sort of processions that I never heard took place anywhere but in Wales. An old man residing near Llanllwch church, Carmarthenshire, has taken his oath that he often saw these kind of funerals going to church; and one evening he had the curiosity to notice one, by peeping over the wall. Most of the people in the procession he knew, but perceived some one, whom he imagined a stranger, standing apart from the rest, and gazing at them. In a few days after this there was a real funeral, so that he determined to see whether there would be any similarity between them, and went to the churchyard, but unconsciously stood on the very place where he saw the supposed stranger gazing, which, it appears, was no other than his own ghost. This man, I am informed, was favoured with the second sight, so that his seeing such things seems not improbable; but as to others not possessed of the gift, it is absurd for a moment to hesitate that they saw them. • • •

"In some parts of North Wales a voice has been heard when the husband of a house has been quitting for immortality, saying, 'Y mae nenbren y ty yn craccio, fe dyr yn y maen,' which implies that the main beam which supports the house is cracking, and will soon fall; and, just as he was expiring, it would say, 'Dyna fe yn torri,' or 'there it breaks.' A strange chirping of chickens has been also heard as people were dying, and I am acquainted with one aged person who has heard it. It is related, too, that as one Rees, a religious man, residing near Carmarthen, was leaving this world, those who were in the room heard some sweet singing, as if of angels. The following remarkable occurrence I cannot refrain from narrating, as the family in which it occurred, who now reside at Carmarthen, were far from being superstitious: their seeing this will recall it to memory. As they were seated in the parlour, with an invalid lying very ill on the sofa, they were much surprised at the appearance of a bird, similar in size and colour to a blackbird, which hopped into the room, went up to the female who was unwell, and, after pecking on the sofa, struttred out immediately. What appears very strange, a day or two after this the sick person died. A bird of the same kind flew to a window, as if it wished to enter the room in which a person lay ill, at Penygraig, and although they endeavoured to frighten it away several times, it would not go. That night the man departed this life."

But the following is of a character quite as peculiar as the chickens chirping, by way of death-tick:

"There stood formerly near Brecon a chapel, called Elynfed chapel, concerning which the legendary account states, that on one of the saint's days being kept there, after the conclusion of service the people were seized with a sort of lunacy, making motions with their hands and feet of whatever works they had unrighteously performed on other saints' days, so that some were making signs of leaping, some of plaiting, some of spinning, others of combing flax or knitting stockings, &c., but

after they had made offerings before the altar, and begged forgiveness of the saints, they were restored to their senses."

This reminds us of the oriental fable of the Palace of Truth. If people were enforced to exhibit all their misdeeds with true pantomimic accuracy at any given time and place, we rather suspect that a number of odd matters would come to light. At any rate the scene would be wondrous droll, though we are not prepared to say that the consequences would be always very agreeable. An *Elynfed* chapel is not a church, the "spread" of which over the country is to be coveted. But we pass to the author's account of the good people.

"The following (he says) is the account related in Wales of the origin of the fairies, and was told me by an individual from Anglesea. In our Saviour's time there lived a woman whose fortune it was to be possessed of near a score of children, (what would the Malthusians nowadays say to such a living stock?), and as she saw our blessed Lord approach her dwelling, being ashamed of being so prolific, and that he might not see them all, she concealed about half of them closely, and, after his departure, when she went in search of them, to her surprise found they were all gone. They never afterwards could be discovered, for it was supposed that as a punishment from heaven, for hiding what God had given her, she was deprived of them; and, it is said, these, her offspring, have generated the race of beings called fairies. In some parts of Pembrokeshire and Carmarthenshire, we have some singular accounts of islands inhabited by fairies, who attended regularly the markets at Milford Haven and Laugharne, bought in silence their meat and other necessaries, and leaving the money, (generally silver pennies,) departed, as if knowing what they would have been charged. They sometimes were visible, and at other times invisible. The islands, which appeared to be beautifully and tastefully arranged, were seen at a distance from land, and supposed to be numerously peopled by an unknown race of beings. It was also imagined that they had a subterraneous passage from these islands to the towns. It is reported, they were particularly fond of purchasing their meat from one butcher, whom they often came invisible, and after taking the meat, deposited the proper payment. • • •

"An aged individual from Anglesea, solemnly affirmed to me, that when a youth, he frequently saw the Tylwyth Teg; and that going out early one morning to fetch his father's cows from the field, he observed a posse of the little folks dancing: he says, that when beholding them, his eyes became dazzled, as if he was looking upon the sun, and on his return from the meadow, he discovered a groat placed on a stone of Cymuned Bridge, and always after he had seen them, found the same sum placed there. His having money so often about him, excited his father's suspicion, and one Sabbath day he inquired the manner in which it was obtained, when he confessed that it was through the medium of the fairies. He often went after this to the field, but never found any money on the bridge, or saw the offended Tylwyth Teg again; for through his divulging the secret, their favour and kindness were lost. The same person also informed me, that in the neighbourhood where he lived, a person one day arising to labour, was much surprised at not being able to find his shirt, and next morning much more so at beholding a fairy bounce in the room and disappear instantly: getting up soon after this, he was agreeably

astonished at discovering his shirt washed clean, with half a crown enclosed in it, for which he was indebted to the little beings. At Llandrwan, in the same county, a woman had twins, to which the fairies took a fancy and bore away, substituting two of their own children in the cradle in lieu of them; but the resemblance between them being so great, the woman never discovered the trick until several months had elapsed, when not perceiving the children grow, she imagined that something was wrong, and accordingly took them to Gwry Cywydd, or village oracle, who told her to procure an egg-shell, and having filled it with wort and hops, to lay it in the way of the little folks, and particularly to observe what they said respecting it. She acted conformably to his advice; and when the fairies beheld the egg-shells, seeming much astonished, one of them exclaimed,—“I can remember you oak an acorn, but I never saw in my life people brewing in an egg-shell before.” Upon hearing this, the woman became infuriated,—her Cambrian blood was roused, and seizing a whip that was near, she began to let the surprised fairies taste it; but the old ones, hearing the cries of their offspring, interfered, and the next day the woman was much gratified and pleased at seeing her real babes again.”

With this extract we conclude; and have only to add, that the style is in general faulty, and that sad havoc is made with scraps of foreign languages. Where did the author discover, page 8, that the Druids, or their proselytes, worshipped their *demian mæn*, or stone temples? or where did he find, page 62, that *cara sposa* was the Italian plural for sweethearts? We are sorry to see this foolish affectation diffusing itself beyond the region of trashy novels.

*The Family Library; Vol. XX. Sketches of Venetian History; Vol. I. London, 1831. Murray.*

PICTURESQUE records from one of history's most picturesque records. Never was city more rich in romantic association, and never were romantic associations more fortunate in being chosen for themes wherein “the mighty of the mind poured forth their spirit.” And yet, while the name of Venice has been familiar to us as a “household word,” a connected English history has hitherto been wanting.\* This want is now well supplied—these *Sketches of Venetian History* are written with equal animation and elegance. The author seems to have entered *con amore* into his subject, and brought to his performance that best industry—vivid interest in the pursuit to which it is directed. Full of curious and little-known anecdotes, we cannot do better than make a brief selection. The reception of St. Mark at Venice is better known than his after adventures.

“ Notwithstanding the splendour of his reception, and the many subsequent testimonies of high honour which he received, the saint occasionally proved capricious, and did not always deign to shew himself even to his most illustrious visitors. Two centuries after the above translation (1064), when the Emperor Henry III. made an express pilgrimage to his shrine, the body had very petulantly disappeared. The priests had recourse to prayer and fasting for its recovery, and the whole capital was engaged in tears, abstinence, and supplication. At length the saint relented. One morning the priest whose turn it was

to attend the church in which the body *ought* to have been found, perceived, on entering, a fragrant odour and a brilliant light which issued from a particular column. The simple priest imagined that there was a fire, and ran up in affright to extinguish it; nor was his alarm diminished when he saw a human arm protruding from the column. He hastened to the doge and announced this marvel, and the Bishop of Olivolo and the other clergy, having been summoned, repaired with profound devotion to the church. There, as they knelt before the pillar, the arm dropped a ring from one of the fingers of its hand into the bishop's bosom; and at the same time the column opened and displayed an iron coffin enclosing the remains of the evangelist. The holy corpse wrought numerous miracles; and a feast was instituted to commemorate its invention. On each 24th of July, while the *magnificat* was being chanted, the congregation was sprinkled with rose-water, in memory of the sweet odour, and two tapers were lighted before the pillar. Among the other relics which on this occasion were borne abroad in splendid procession, was an autograph of his gospel from the evangelist's own pen, in which, unhappily, learned men are undetermined whether the character is Greek or Latin, and whether the material is paper or parchment. The ring was sacrilegiously stolen, in the year 1585, and, perhaps, the body has undergone a similar fate. Having been placed in a receptacle more worthy of it, the secret of which was intrusted to none save the doge, and the provveditor—officers especially appointed for the saint's guardianship—magnificent church was decreed and built over this mysterious tomb. Yet a modern traveller, who was by no means likely to approach this legend with an eye of scepticism, roundly taxes Carosio, who, about twenty years afterwards, for a short time usurped the throne, with *private sale* of the relics. “ Since his time,” says Eustace, “ the existence of the body of St. Mark has never been publicly ascertained. The place, however, where the sacred deposit lies, is acknowledged to be an *undivulged secret*; or, perhaps, in less cautious language, to be utterly unknown.”

Venetian luxury:—“ The chroniclers have presented an amusing picture of the luxurious habits of the Constantinopolitan fair one, who shared the crown of Dominico Silvio, a later doge. Such, we are assured, was the extent of her refinement—*adeo morosa fuit eleganti*—that she banished the use of plain water from her toilet, and washed herself only with the richest and most fragrant medicated preparations. Her apartments were so saturated with perfumes, that those who were unaccustomed to such odours often fainted upon entering; and as the climax of sinful indulgence (for such it appears to the narrator) in the inordinate pride of her evil heart, she refused to employ her fingers in eating, and never touched her meat unless with a golden fork. Her end was in miserable contrast with these Sybaritic manners. She was stricken with a sore disease, considered, no doubt, as an especial judgment; and her sufferings, which were long protracted, were of such a nature, as to excite rather the disgust than the pity of her attendants.”

Heroism displayed at the siege of Tyre:—“ The troops investing the city by land murmured at their unremitting hardships; and, contrasting their own daily perils and labours with the ease and security of those who were engaged in the blockade by sea, looked with an evil and suspicious eye upon their Venetian allies. This danger was observed, encoun-

tered, and remedied by the promptitude of Michieli; and history presents few specimens of more chivalrous self-abandonment than that upon which he resolved. Stripping the entire fleet of its equipments, he ordered the rowges, masts, sails, and rudders to be borne with him to the camp. ‘ These,’ he said, pointing to the burdens of his attendants, ‘ are the pledges of our fidelity and of our participation in dangers which ought to be common to all. We can no longer have it even in our power, if it could be supposed to be in our will, to quit the walls, and the slightest gale will expose us to far greater peril than that of mortal combat.’ This substantial proof of sincerity, and the politic advance at the same time of one hundred thousand ducats for the payment of the soldiers, restored confidence at once among the allies. A general voice deprecated the useless exposure to danger which the Venetians preferred; and all hands assisted in refitting the fleet, the active services of which might soon be demanded.”

Incident at the siege of Ancona:—“ A woman of Ancona, heart-broken by the exhaustion of her two sons, and hopeless of other relief, opened a vein in her left arm; and having prepared and disguised the blood which flowed from it with spices and condiments (for these luxuries still abounded, as if to mock the cravings of that hunger which had slight need of any further stimulant than its own sad necessity), presented them with the beverage—thus prolonging the existence of her children, like the bird of which similar tenderness is fabled, even at the price of that tide of life by which her own was supported.”

The belief in omens and prophecies was universal in that age. Mourtzouphlus was forced to fly from Constantinople when it was taken by Baldwin.

“ Having in vain attempted to rally his adherents, he took refuge in the fastnesses of Thrace, after escaping through the Golden Gate. That gate had been closed for two hundred years; and it bore engraven on it, an inscription, long beforehand regarded as prophetic, and afterwards believed to have been fulfilled in this flight of the emperor. ‘ When the fair-haired King of the West shall come, I shall open of myself!’ Another prediction had ensured the city from capture, unless through an angel; and we are informed by an authority not remote from these times, that the rumour of the Latin conquest was disbelieved, for many days, in the surrounding country, until it was ascertained that the walls had been scaled at a spot on which an angel was painted.”

Romantic legends, founded on Baldwin's fate:—“ The sad fate of the first sovereign of Constantinople requires some brief notice. The release of Baldwin was demanded from Joannice by Pope Innocent; and the barbarian contented himself by replying that his illustrious captive had died in prison. More than one version of his catastrophe has been given; and each abounds in horror. Nicetas states that, after long confinement, the Bulgarian cut off his arms and legs, and exposed him to wild beasts. Acropolita adds, that his skull, set in gold, was used by the tyrant as a goblet. A yet more romantic tale attributes the Bulgarian's vengeance to jealousy, excited by his queen, who, becoming enamoured of the prisoner, offered him herself and freedom as the price of his love. The examples of Belleroophon and Hippolitus were unknown or unregarded by the disdainful Baldwin; and the disappointed fair, incensed at his cold rejection, falsely

\* Daru's delightful work would, we think, well repay an English translation, general as is its popularity in the original.—Ed. L. G.

denounced him to her husband, who, in a paroxysm of fury, heightened by intoxication, slew him and cast his body to the dogs. The circumstances attendant upon his death, no doubt, are obscure; but the fact itself is supported by strong evidence—it was accredited, though far from hastily, by the barons; and it is not easy to assign any reason why Joannice did not assert it if it had been untrue. Nevertheless, at the expiration of twenty years, when the sovereignty of Flanders and Hainault had devolved on Jean, the eldest daughter of the supposed deceased prince, a claimant appeared, asserting his identity with the lost Baldwin. He maintained, that after his capture at Adrianople, he had been mildly treated by his conquerors, till, having effected his escape from them, he fell into the hands of another tribe of barbarians, to whom his rank was unknown, and who sold him as a slave into Syria. There accident enabled him to discover himself to some German merchants, who ransomed him at a small price; and as the throne of Constantinople, by the death of his brother, had then passed into another line, the recovery of his hereditary dominions appeared to him an easier attempt than that of his eastern rights. The populace, ever credulous of wonders and open-eyed to novelty, eagerly devoured this tale, which gained admission among several even of the nobler Flemings. It was rejected altogether by the reigning countess; who, finding herself endangered by the pretender, claimed and received protection from Louis VIII. of France. The king in person examined the nominal emperor; and, though convinced of his imposture, in consideration of a safe-conduct which he had previously granted, contented himself by ordering him to quit his dominions. Detected in his fraud and abandoned by his former adherents, the pseudo-Baldwin, nevertheless, renewed his projects; till, having been betrayed into the hands of the countess, he is said to have confessed, under torture, that he was a Chambellan, named Bertrand de Rayns. He was exhibited awhile to public scorn in the chief towns of the Netherlands, and then ignominiously hanged at Lille. Little doubt can exist of the justice of his fate; yet such is the fondness of the human mind for mystery, so pertinaciously, in despite of truth, does it cling to the marvellous, that there have not been wanting writers who prefer to believe the Countess Jean guilty of an atrocious parricide, rather than to admit that an adroit knave practised a daring but not very difficult imposture."

What a magnificent subject of debate is the following!—

"If we may believe the MS. chronicles of Barbaro and Savina, a project of general emigration to the East was at one time contemplated. Ziani is said, during the troubled reign of the second Courtenay, to have convoked the great council and all the chief functionaries of state; and, after pointing out the precarious condition of the empire under its existing feeble and divided rulers, to have proposed the abandonment of Venice, and the transfer of her whole population to Constantinople. The brilliant prospects which he displayed as likely to result from this important change dazzled many in the assembly; and it is added that, notwithstanding an eloquent and impassioned appeal to their affections and their patriotism, by the Procuratore Angelo Faliero, the proposal was negative, in the division which ensued, but by a single voice, which was not unaptly termed 'the voice of Providence.' How wide a field of speculation does this now scarcely remembered

incident open to our view! What changes in the history of mankind might not the adoption of Ziani's project have occasioned! Would the existence of the Latin empire have been protracted by it? Would the conquests of the Turks have been diverted into another channel? Would Christianity, instead of Mohammedanism, have been the dominant religion of the East? Compared with these far mightier questions, the fate of Venice herself is disregarded; and we almost forget to inquire what would have been the fortunes of her deserted islands."

We like the author's own remarks in our next.

"Of the six emperors who had struggled through the half century which succeeded the conquest of Constantinople, the second Baldwin was by far the least qualified to encounter the perils which surrounded him. He had thrice made the circuit of Europe as a suppliant for assistance, and he now returned to his eastern capital impoverished and dishonoured. It is unnecessary to speak of the countless sordid littlenesses to which poverty reduced him; but there are two facts partially connected with the history of Venice too remarkable to be omitted. Philip, a son of this last Latin emperor of Constantinople, was pawned by his father to some burghers of his capital, as the only security which they would accept for a loan incomparably with the pledge; and the prince was transferred by them to the custody of some Venetian merchants, for greater safety. To other monied usurers of Venice was intrusted a deposit, which, whatever in our present estimation may be its genuineness and intrinsic value, was considered, at the time of which we are writing, as beyond all price. The frequency of imposture has, no doubt, attached much both of ridicule and suspicion to the generality of relics; and the silly pretensions to miraculous virtue which have been asserted for them, have increased these unfavourable impressions. But I know not why those vivid emotions, that glow of affection, that veneration and love, with which we contemplate other monuments of wisdom and of virtue, should be repressed and chilled when we turn to like memorials of our faith. If the reputed crown of thorns was really that borne by our Lord during his sufferings, or (what in the present instance is the same thing) was really believed to be such, the piety which coveted its possession demands not our sarcasm, but our respect. On the credit of this treasure, a sum, amounting to about 7000l. of our money, had been borrowed by the empire: the time stipulated for its redemption approached; and, if not redeemed, its property would become absolutely vested in Querini, a Venetian who had advanced the loan. Louis of France, who has been canonised for his devotion, profited by the opportunity, and, after an agreement with Baldwin, discharged the debt, and conveyed the relic to Paris. The Sainte Chapelle was built and consecrated for its reception. It was jealously guarded, and magnificently enshrined; and, after the lapse of four centuries, on one of those occasions by which, as a corrective to human pride, the weakness of the good and the follies of the wise are permitted to exhibit themselves in strong light, by being produced as a voucher for enthusiasm it excited the surprise and curiosity, the credulity or the scepticism, of all the Christian world."

The ensuing anecdote is very characteristic of the times; but we must observe, it was the obvious policy of rulers to lead the people

to suppose themselves under the immediate protection of Heaven.

"It must be borne in mind that the legend which we are about to produce is recorded by more than one authentic chronicler, and that it was sufficiently believed to give birth to a public religious ceremony. In the year 1341, an inundation, of many days' continuance, had raised the water three cubits higher than it had ever before been seen in Venice; and during a stormy night, while the flood appeared to be still increasing, a poor old fisherman sought what refuge he could find, by mooring his crazy bark close to the Riva di San Marco. The storm was yet raging, when a person approached, and offered him a good fare if he would but ferry him over to San Giorgio Maggiore. 'Who,' said the fisherman, 'can reach San Giorgio on such a night as this? Heaven forbid that I should try!' But as the stranger earnestly persisted in his request, and promised to guard him from harm, he at last consented. The passenger landed; and having desired the boatman to wait a little, returned with a companion, and ordered him to row to San Nicolo di Lido. The astonished fisherman again refused, till he was prevailed upon by a further confident assurance of safety, and excellent pay. At San Nicolo they picked up a third person, and then instructed the boatman to proceed to the Two Castles at Lido. Though the waves ran fearfully high, the old man, by this time, had become accustomed to them; and, moreover, there was something about his mysterious crew which either silenced his fears, or diverted them from the tempest to his companions. Scarcely had they gained the strait, when they saw a galley, rather flying than sailing along the Adriatic, manned (if we may so say) with devils, who seemed hurrying, with fierce and threatening gestures, to sink Venice in the deep. The sea, which had hitherto been furiously agitated, in a moment became unruffled; and the strangers, crossing themselves, conjured the fiends to depart. At the word, the demoniacal galley vanished, and the three passengers were quietly landed at the spots at which each respectively had been taken up. The boatman, it seems, was not quite easy about his fare, and, before parting, he implied pretty clearly that the sight of this miracle, after all, would be bad pay. 'You are right, my friend,' said the first passenger; 'go to the doge and the procuratori, and assure them that, but for us three, Venice would have been drowned. I am St. Mark; my two comrades are St. George and St. Nicolas. Desire the magistrates to pay you; and add, that all this trouble has arisen from a schoolmaster at San Felice, who first bargained with the devil for his soul, and then hanged himself in despair.' The fisherman, who seemed to have had all his wits about him, answered that he might tell that story, but he much doubted whether he should be believed: upon which St. Mark pulled from his finger a gold ring, worth about five ducats, saying, 'Shew them this ring, and bid them look for it in my treasury, whence it will be found missing.' On the morrow the fisherman did as he was told. The ring was discovered to be absent from its usual custody, and the fortunate boatman not only received his fare, but an annual pension to boot. Moreover, a solemn procession and thanksgiving were appointed, in gratitude to the three holy corps which had rescued from such calamity the land affording them burial."

Enthusiasm of the Venetians during the war with Genoa.

"Where age or infirmity rendered personal

service impossible, entire fortunes were surrendered to the state; vast debts were remitted by creditors; plate, jewels, and treasure, were heaped into the public coffers; the doge mortgaged his revenues; the ecclesiastics bore arms. One holy hand alone was found wanting to its country, and the Minorites excused themselves. It was written, they said, in their statutes, that no one of their brotherhood, whatever might be the occasion, should handle any weapon of offence. Their cowardly hypocrisy received its deserts, and they were banished from the Dogado. Among the traders, we hear of a furrier who undertook the maintenance of one thousand armed men; of an apothecary who equipped a galley; of plain mechanics and simple artisans who associated to defray similar expenses. One, perhaps, of the most touching offers which this great crisis called forth, was that made by Matteo Faseolo, a townsman of Chioggia, whom its loss had reduced from opulence to beggary. Carrying with him his two sons, he presented them to the magistrates. 'If my estate,' he said, 'were such as I once possessed, all of it should be contributed to the public exigencies; but life is now the only property which is left to me and to these. Dispose of it as you think best. Employ us either by land or sea, and gladden us by a consciousness that what little we still retain is devoted to our country.'

We regret not having room for the sketch of the heroic Pisani; but his ought to be a full-length. This portion brings the narrative down to the execution of the last princes of the house of Carrara. We recommend this most varied and interesting volume warmly: few of its companions, if any, have better claims on public favour.

*Dignities, Feudal and Parliamentary, and the Constitutional Legislature of the United Kingdom.* By Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, &c. Vol. I. 8vo. London, 1830. Boone.

HEROES and heroines of romance! ye who, seated on imagination's throne, have basked in the sunshine of popular favour, look not down from your airy height with too much self-confidence. The march of revolution and reform may proceed with rapid strides along the shelves of the Ebers's, the Hookhams, the Andrews, and the Saunders and Ootleys; and ye may be hurled to the dust, or, as the old poet has it,

"In a trice  
Condemned to Hoods to make up spice."

We raise our warning voice to awake you to the consciousness of your danger, and we have done our duty! In this revolutionary age we should not be surprised if the grave antiquarian and heraldic Sir William Betham were to rival Sir Walter Scott in circulating-library popularity.

However, seriously speaking, it is not improbable, in these days of inquiry into constitutions, and clamour about parliamentary reform, that Sir William Betham's valuable work (the second and concluding volume of which is to be published at the end of the year) will obtain a circulation far beyond that for which it was evidently intended.

The subject, and the character of the author, make these volumes essential for the library of the statesman, the lawyer, the scholar, and the gentleman; but (we of course speak judging from the contents of the volume before us) as they will contain the very spirit of our history, an account of the origin and progress of our "free and glorious constitution," it behoves all, (for every one is now a politician), care-

fully to study this important and well-timed documentary history.

From works of a comprehensive nature, it is very difficult to select fair and characteristic extracts, and to quote garbled passages is at once an injustice to the author and the subject. We, therefore, of necessity, prefer, as most suitable to our columns, such portions as we can most easily insulate, although affording slight illustrations of Sir William Betham's researches, or of the nature of his work. We prefer too taking the Ulster King of Arms upon his own ground, Ireland; ground which, if he relax not in his meritorious exertions, he is likely to keep with honour. Who but will admire the gallant bearing and courteous demeanor in which he tilts at the Feodera? And prithee, gentle reader, mark the demeanour, in contrast to that which has been recently exhibited. Let the trumpets sound, and Sir William Betham stand forth.

Thus saith Sir William—"Neither can a good reason be discovered why, in the printed Feodera, a majority of the entries on the early rolls in the Tower, particularly those respecting Ireland, are omitted. Many Irish articles are inserted, otherwise we might suppose it had been intended to form a series of volumes respecting Ireland especially and particularly, which would have been an object well worthy the consideration of the record commissioners; but as the case now stands, it would be better to print, in supplemental volumes, *all the omitted entries*, whatever may be their subject matter, as they are of fully equal value and interest with those printed. This has been demonstrated by Mr. Bayley, the able and intelligent deputy-keeper of the records in the Tower, who printed the omissions in the sixth year of John; and they alone amount to nine pages of folio. The latter volumes are more complete, and the principle of exclusion of Irish documents has not been carried to such an extent, but many are omitted. Why should there be *any omissions*? Every state paper, charter, or letter, has its historical interest and value, and the Feodera is imperfect and comparatively useless without the complete body of documents. They consist, in part, of instructions to officers, charges against them, and their defences: in such cases, it is not sufficient to give one or two articles of a series as a specimen, the whole ought to appear; examples of what the records consist are not wanted; as evidence and materials of history, they are alone valuable, and one may say, in that respect, they are inestimable. When we consider the character, learning, and liberality of the individuals, under whose control, direction, and management, the new Feodera is now compiled, it is, indeed, difficult to account for the omission of those important articles; and it is much to be regretted, as motives of national hostility, contempt, and jealousy, are always ascribed by a sensitive people, when no other national or sufficient cause can be ascribed for so extraordinary an omission."

We proceed to extract a curious passage respecting Irish law students in England:—

"The parliaments of Ireland, held in the 9th of Henry V. and the 7th of Henry VI. made representations to those kings; among other grievances of the hindrances which Irish students of the law met with at the inns of court in London, when they went there to study, in which the unity of practice of the laws in both countries is set forth. These statements are given hereafter in full, from the close rolls; but the passages referring to the students at law are here inserted. That of 9

Henry V. is in the Norman-French language; of which the following is a translation. 'Item, —Your said lieges shew, that whereas they are ruled and governed by your laws, used in your realm of England, to acquire the knowledge of which laws, and to be well informed therein, your lieges have sent able persons of English blood, born in your said land, to certain inns of court,\* where, from the time of the conquest of your said land, they have ever been received, until lately, that the governors and company of the said inns have refused, and would not receive the said persons into the said inns, as they had been accustomed to do. Therefore, may it please your most gracious lordship, to consider this matter and ordain due remedy; that your laws may continue, and not be forgotten in your said land.'"

Upon this, and the representation made in the reign of Henry VI., Sir William Betham proceeds to offer the following interesting observations on the government of Ireland,—a subject at all times of importance, but never before the present, a political point to which the whole gaze of Europe is anxiously directed.

"Special care seems at all times to have been taken to preserve the uniformity of the Irish and English law; no change could have taken place in the former, but what, from time to time, had been made in England; and the early judges were mostly Englishmen, sent over to administer the English law in its purity. The viceroys were also English, or, what might be considered the same thing, Irish noblemen, in possession of large estates in England, as, the Earls of Ormonde, &c. &c. They generally held the sword but a very few years: from the year 1173 to 1200, there were no fewer than seventeen chief governors; in the thirteenth century, forty-six; in the fourteenth, ninety-three; in the fifteenth, eighty-five; in the sixteenth, seventy-six; in the seventeenth, seventy-nine; in the eighteenth, ninety-four! All were, naturally, attached to the English laws and customs, but held the viceroyship for so short a time—on an average not more than two years—that none were long enough in Ireland to form laws or customs in accordance with their own notions. The customs of the *mere Irish* were indeed different; but they had no influence on the administration of the laws. Where the Irish had power, they superseded the English law altogether, and introduced the Breton, or Irish law; but where there was English rule, there was English law. The viceroys and the judges knew no laws or customs but those of England; and when that was the case, no arbitrary variations could have occurred in the administration of the English law in Ireland."

We need not extend our extracts to shew the value of Sir William Betham's work, in a historical point of view. It is one of the few publications of the present day which will be quoted and referred to as an authority.

#### *The Life of Fuseli.*

(Second Notice.)

IN our very brief introductory notice of this publication, we mentioned a series of aphorisms, chiefly relative to the Fine Arts, as forming a component part of the second volume. To these pithy saws of the late eminent artist we shall confine this paper: some of them are striking, and most of them replete with high and intellectual ideas. How true is the following!

\* Hostelles de Courte.  
† Rot. Claus. Hil. 9 Hen. V.

"Some enter the gates of art with golden keys, and take their seats with dignity among the demi-gods of fame; some burst the doors and leap into a niche with savage power; thousands consume their time in chinking useless keys, and aiming feeble pushes against the inexorable doors."

And again:—

"He who pretends to have sacrificed genius to the pursuits of interest or fashion; and he who wants to persuade you he has indisputable titles to a crown, but chooses to wave them for the emoluments of a partnership in trade, deserve equal belief."

"Distinguish between genius and singularity of character; an artist of mediocrity may be an odd man: let the nature of works be your guide."

"Know that nothing is trifling in the hand of genius, and that importance itself becomes a baulk in that of mediocrity:—the shepherd's staff of Paris would have been an engine of death in the grasp of Achilles; the ash of Peleus could only have dropped from the effeminate fingers of the curled archer."

"Genius may adopt, but never steals."

"All mediocrity pretends."

"Sensibility is the mother of sympathy. How can he paint Beauty, who has not throbbed at her charms? How shall he fill the eye with the dew of humanity, whose own never shed a tear for others? How can he form a mouth to threaten or command, who licks the hereditary spithe of princes?"

The annexed is quite as applicable to literature as to the arts:—we should suspect rather more so.

"If you wish to give consequence to your inferiors, answer their attacks.—*Coroll.* Michael Angelo, advised to resent the insolence of some obscure upstart who was pushing forward to notice by declaring himself his rival, answered,—'Chi combatte con dappochi, non vince a nulla': who contests with the base, loses with all!"

We do not so entirely agree with the next.

"Genius knows no partner. All partnership is deleterious to poetry and art:—one must rule."

Perhaps, however, such exceptions as Beaumont and Fletcher only prove the general accuracy of the remark.

We like the discrimination of the subjoined.

"Art among a religious race produces relics; among a military one, trophies; among a mercantile one, articles of trade."

"Modern art, reared by superstition in Italy, taught to dance in France, plumped up to un-wieldiness in Flanders, reduced to 'chronicle small beer' in Holland, became a rich old woman by 'suckling fools' in England."

The next is a pretty thought:—"The colours of pleasure and love are hues."

It is curious to read the following at a period when the subject has had so remarkable a commentary in the actual state of things. "The invention of machines to supersede manual labour will at length destroy population and commerce;" and the methods contrived to shorten the apprenticeship of artists, annihilate art."

The ensuing is a palpable hit at hypocrisy:—"Expect no religion in times when it is easier to meet with a saint than a man; and no art in those that multiply their artists beyond their labourers."

\* "Sineret se plebeculum pacere," said Vespasian to the artist who had contrived a machine to convey some large columns with a trifling expense to the capitol, and rewarded him without accepting his offer."

The next we recommend to all the artists, authors, &c. who come under the remarks of the *Literary Gazette*.

"Modesty.—The touchstone of genuine modesty is the attention paid to criticism, and the temper with which it is received, or its advice adopted:—the most arrogant pretence, the most fiery ambition, the most towering conceit, may fence themselves with smoothness, silence, and submissive looks. Oil, the smoothest of substances, swims on all."

As a contrast:—"Vanity. The vain is the most humble of mortals:—the victim of a pimple."

And with this we must, for the present, take our leave of the sagacious dicta of Mr. Fuseli.

*Observations on the Registration Bill, addressed to the Commissioners on the Law of Real Property.* By George Bentham, Esq. London, 1831.

His Majesty's commissioners on the law of real property have prepared a bill, which is now pending before parliament, for establishing a register for all deeds relating to land. It is considered, we believe, by all competent judges, that this bill embodies a very ingenious and simple plan, and that it is framed with a degree of skill and care by no means common.

It seems, however, that Mr. George Bentham is the possessor and the intended editor of a treatise by his uncle, Mr. Jeremy Bentham, on *Nomography*. It seems that the undisclosed doctrines of my uncle are not implicitly followed in the commissioners' bill; the nephew and editor elect, therefore, salutes forth with a pamphlet, abusing the bill, and substituting one of his own, more conformable "aux idées de mon oncle."

We have not been able to ascertain that any one, except ourselves, has read Mr. B.'s pamphlet, and we have no reason to believe that any one else ever will: Mr. Bentham will, therefore, please to consider that the trouble we take in this matter is designed solely for his benefit. His publication assumes that he is qualified to instruct the commissioners: we do not think that we are qualified to instruct those gentlemen; but if we do not shew that we are better entitled to instruct him than he is to instruct them, we admit that he is not the most impudent man in England.

Adverting to the fact, that the pamphleteer comes forward as the champion of his uncle's MS. doctrines, and the censor of all contraversies, we are naturally led to think of the memorable *Défense de mon Oncle* by the nephew of M. l'Abbé Barin. The points of resemblance between the venerable relative of the pamphleteer and the abbé are numerous and striking. The nephew of M. Barin expressly says, "mon oncle savait parfaitement l'Arabe et le Copte." Now it is well known that some of the later works of Mr. Jeremy Bentham are written in some language which is not English: it has never been made out to be any other known tongue, and we have failed in ascertaining that it was not Coptic or Arabic, or both. From these premises, we conclude that the strange words which have puzzled the world are, in fact, Coptic or Arabic. Surely this fact argues a strong similarity in the genius of the two uncles.

Then M. l'Abbé, as we know on the same authority, "s'établit à Petersbourg en qualité d'interprète Chinois." Can any man doubt \* It is because we most cordially approve of practical and effectual reforms, that we as heartily set our face against the visionary projects which would impede them.

that when the excellent Mr. Jeremy Bentham opened his famous communication with the Emperor of Russia, he had an eye to some similar employment in the same capital? We know of the Abbé Barin, on the best authority, that "son grand but était de juger par le sens commun de toutes les fables de l'antiquité;" while Mr. Jeremy Bentham has written a book for the express purpose of exposing popular fallacies, that is, moral political and metaphysical untruths; in other words, fables, which have blinded and perverted the minds of men from a remote antiquity.

Once more: M. Barin (the uncle) was "très respectueux pour les dames, et zélé pour les loix;" now, our authorities say nothing as to Mr. Bentham's respect for the ladies; but with his numerous French connexions (the nephew himself learnt, he says, the beauties of registration by residing as a landowner in the south of France), it cannot be imagined for a moment that he is wanting in a quality so highly valued by the great nation: and as to zeal for the laws, why Mr. Jeremy Bentham has spent a long life in framing codes of laws for people who were stupid enough not to adopt them, and abusing laws which (whether good or bad) it is strongly surmised he does not understand.

The abbé's nephew exclaims, "Que M. Barin était chaste!" Mr. Jeremy Bentham has lived a bachelor to the age of fourscore.

Lastly, when it is remembered, that the Abbé Barin detested a bishop of Gloucester above all other men; and that the respectable Mr. Bentham, in his excellent work entitled *Church of Englandism*, betrays a similar animosity against the episcopal order; it is impossible any longer to doubt that the one uncle is the counterpart of the other. They are duplicates of the same thing; in the language of the register bill, duplicates originals.

We have directed inquiries as to the death of the Abbé and the birth of Mr. Bentham: if the registers tally, if the chronology bear us out, we shall bring this forward as a case of metempsychosis, proved by internal evidence.

Considering, then, how ably Mr. Bentham was defended in a former state of existence by his then nephew, Mr. George ought to have felt it a sacred duty to make the *Défense de mon Oncle*, which he has undertaken, equally complete. The former defence was written against one who cribbed the uncle's title-page, "croyant que ce seul titre supplément aux idées de mon oncle lui attireroit des lecteurs." Now, we appeal to the whole world, whether the conduct of the present nephew be not more like the conduct of the enemy than of the defender of his uncle; whether the mention in his pamphlet of the "idées de mon oncle" be for any other purpose but "pour attirer des lecteurs?"

Mr. George Bentham boasts of being the possessor and (O shade of Dumont!) editor-elect of his uncle's MS. treatise; he must therefore be presumed to have derived all the improvement which a thorough study of that work can impart: if, then, his pamphlet be a blunder, and prove him to be a dunce, what will the world say of my uncle's *Nomography*?

The world, however, must not judge too hastily; Mr. Jeremy Bentham's sole error may be that he has committed his *Nomography* to incompetent hands. With all his faults, and all his little absurdities, he is a man of real talents; and we shall never believe that a veteran precisionist in logic and language like him, has taught his nephew to begin a work published to exemplify as well as to advocate

the advantages of precise and correct expressions, by such a phrase as "some general modifications of the style of the whole act," which is pure nonsense; and to follow that up by an intimation that it is essential that "every country gentleman should understand the register bill;" when it is not only not essential, but is morally impossible that any man who is not a lawyer should understand it, or any other bill embodying the same plan. The uncle never would have said that this bill was to be in any sense the groundwork of a new system of laws, projected by two sets of commissioners; when it is notorious that there is no new system projected at all: and whatever alterations may be made, it is impossible that they can be a system projected by the two sets of commissioners, as those commissioners do not even communicate, but become acquainted with each others' labours by the same means, and only by the same means, by which those labours are given to the public at large.

Neither do we believe that Mr. Jeremy Bentham taught his nephew to quote another man's work, as he does at page 4, and to have the boldness to put a false construction upon his own quotation. We also acquit the uncle of using such phrases as "adding into the heart of," "malá-fide lawyers," &c. in the very same page in which he lays down his ideas as to what correctness of expression is. We doubt whether the uncle would use the phrase "generalise a clause," when he means extend it: whether he would lay down a rule, "always to apply the same names to the same ideas;" and begin his pamphlet by applying the name of *bill* in the second line to the same idea to which he applies the name of *act* in the fourth line; and further exemplify his own rule by applying the names "special" and "specific" to the same idea, and that in many cases in which neither is the proper name; whether he would also shew his feeling of the importance of his own rule by using the terms "entering a caveat" and "registering a caveat" indiscriminately, and that in his own bill.

We are quite sure that the old original nomographist himself, however anxious to depreciate the bill of the commissioners, would not have charged the bill with being obscure, and made good the accusation by misprinting it. In the only instance in which we have consulted the pamphleteer's reprint, we found a clause made utterly unintelligible by his substitution of the word "reference" for "entry."

Finally, we are certain that our old friend would not have written a pamphlet of skimble-skamble stuff, setting sound sense, law, logic, and grammar, all equally at defiance; and that if he had framed a register bill, he would not have framed one through every other clause of which you may (in Irish phrase) drive a coach and six.

*The Iliad of Homer.* Translated by William Sotheby. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 826. London, 1831. Murray.

It has been our good fortune to be able to lay before our readers several specimens of this important work, as they were read at the meetings of the Royal Society of Literature; from these, alone, the public might appreciate the value of Mr. Sotheby's production: and we are glad that we have enjoyed such means of partially gratifying the curiosity which must be excited by a new translation of

\* The publication is appropriately dedicated to the learned President of the Society, the Bishop of Salisbury, and to the author's brethren, the members of that body.

the Iliad; because we are obliged to claim the space of a week, in order to compare it with the original, as well as with Pope's, and other versions, before we can offer a criticism upon it. At present we shall only say, that the portions we have read give us a high opinion of Mr. Sotheby's fidelity. Of his competency and talent, no doubt could be entertained: the poetry of Wieland's Oberon stamped him a true poet; the Georgics of Virgil, a classic of the right feeling; and Saul, Italy, &c. &c. added flowers of no slight bloom to the chaplet with which these greater efforts had adorned his brow. Altogether, if so brief an examination may entitle us to say so, we would speak of this performance as an honour to the present age of English literature. The poem appears to be in extent between eighteen and twenty thousand lines.

*German Poetical Anthology; preceded by a concise History of German Poetry, and Notices of the Authors selected.* By A. Bernays. Second edition, with additional Notes, &c. Pp. 420. London, 1831. Treuttel and Co.

We are glad we have not been mistaken when we recommended this handsome and useful book on its first appearance. The comparatively short time in which the first edition was exhausted, is a good proof that the students of the German language, and the lovers of German literature, were of the same opinion as ourselves. We are nevertheless pleased that the author has not rested satisfied with his success, but has rendered this new edition still more worthy of public approbation. The pieces selected are generally the best of the best German writers, and the work is by this, and the clear and forcible historical sketch with which the selection is preceded, well worthy of a place in the library; while the notes and grammatical references by which the extracts are accompanied, will prove eminently useful to the student.

*German Prose Anthology; with Grammatical References and Notes* by A. Bernays. 12mo. London, 1831. Treuttel and Co.

THIS is also a very good selection, but it is not by the author of the *Poetical Anthology*; who, we have no doubt, would, to judge from the knowledge he displays in this work, have been able to collect a nosegay of greater elegance and variety than the one here presented. Nevertheless, in consideration of the useful hints to the reader of German, given by Mr. Bernays in the introduction, and the excellent notes he has appended to this volume, long known by the German title of *Prosaische Anthologie*, we would recommend it as an introductory reading book.

*History of the County Palatine of Lancaster; embellished with Views, Portraits, Maps, Armorial Bearings, &c.* By Edward Baines, Esq.: the Biographical Department by W. R. Whatton, Esq. F.S.A. 4to. Part I. Fisher, Son, and Jackson.

"In exploring the historical treasures of this county," says Mr. Baines, "for the purposes of a late publication, the author of this work was surprised by the vast body of information dispersed throughout its various parishes, and gratified in the highest degree by the readiness with which it was every where laid open to his inspection: thus encouraged, his views expanded beyond their original limits; and though he sat down only to write a *sketch*, he rose with the ambition to complete a *history*

of his native county. The materials which he thus collected, his close and extensive connexion with the county has enabled him continually so to increase, that they form a store more rich and varied, perhaps, than is possessed by any other individual in the kingdom, on the subject of Lancashire history; and he now submits to his readers, in a connected and condensed form, a work comprising all the valuable and various matter which is scattered through piles of detached volumes, or locked up in the numerous unpublished pedigrees and other MSS. in his possession, or to which he may have access."

Judging from the specimen before us, we have no doubt that this will prove an exceedingly valuable topographical work. The present part is illustrated by a portrait of Humphrey Chetham, the founder of Chetham Hospital, in Manchester, and by a very beautiful view of the town of Lancaster, engraved by W. Finden, from a picture by J. Henderson.

*Dependence.* By the Author of "Little Sophy." Pp. 354. Derby, 1830, Mozeley and Son: London, Cowie and Co.; and Harris. HAD at least one third of this volume been omitted, the rest would have been greatly benefited. Under the idea of being easy, the writer is very diffuse. Opinions of all sorts and on all subjects, bishops, socinianism, literature, preaching, &c. &c. are most heterogeneously blended, and somewhat freely expressed. Great part of these letters can have no possible interest for the public, which can scarcely be supposed to care much for the Rev. E. T. V.'s dithirats before he made his choice of the fair writer, at the risk of "breaking some half dozen hearts." Nor can it be a matter of much consequence that she, as it is elegantly expressed, is likely "to get her trimmings" for speaking disparagingly of a favourite child's temper. The author has left on us the impression of an amiable and clever woman—and one very likely to inspire that partiality in her friends which has misled her in the present instance. To connexions and relatives only are the greater number of these letters suited. The narrative part is good, and has an air of truth which must interest the reader in the fate of, certainly, one of the most dependent beings in the world, a young female, who, by her own exertions, must make her way through a harsh, or at least an indifferent world. Truly a governess is expected to have all the amiabilities of the country, and the accomplishments of the town; and, after all, to find, that, like virtue, they must too often be their own reward.

*Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon.* Translated by Dr. J. S. Memes. 4 vols. 12mo. New edition. Edinburgh, 1831, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst and Co.

WE have often spoken of this work, and already of the present translation as it appeared in *Constable's Miscellany*. We have therefore only to notice that the present is a very neat edition.

*Select Library.* Vol. I. *Polynesian Researches.* By William Ellis. Vol. I. Second edition, enlarged and improved. 12mo. pp. 414. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Mr. ELLIS's works in their original form—the *Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee*, and *Polynesian Researches*—were not only extensively popular, but received the warmest encomiums from every reviewer whose notice of them we have seen, especially from the Quar-

terly Review and the whole host of religious periodicals: they seem, of course, to offer a good foundation for a new Library series, differing in plan from any of those yet called into existence. Of the first specimen, we need only say that Mr. Ellis has made considerable improvements in his interesting narrative.

*The Pious Minstrel; a Collection of Sacred Poetry.* Pp. circ. 360. London, 1831. Tilt. WITH a portrait of Robert Pollok, and an appropriate vignette, this little volume, about the size of a small Prayer-book, contains two or three hundred compositions from the pens of well-known writers, such as Pope, Milton, Young, Milman, Hannah More, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Mrs. Barbauld, Bernard Barton, Pollok, James and Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Opie, Watts, Wesley, Toplady, Kirke White, Hemans, Heber, Doddridge, Grahame, Caroline Fry, Conder, Croly, Cowper, Bowring, Darwin, Cunningham, Burns, &c. &c. &c. It is a delightful publication to be put into the hands of youth, alluring to piety and virtue through the sweet paths of poesy.

*School and College Greek Classics.—1. The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides; with Original Notes.* By the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, D.D. F.S.A. 3 vols. 12mo.—2. *The History of the Persian Wars, from Herodotus; with copious Notes.* By Charles William Stocker, D.D. In 2 vols. 12mo. Vol. I. London, 1831. Longman; Baldwin; Whittaker.

THESE useful and economical works continue to issue periodically from the classical press of Mr. Valpy. The valuable annotations of Dr. Bloomfield on Thucydides are a sufficient recommendation of themselves to ensure the ready reception of this edition. The text is conformable to the most approved authorities, and the type clear and distinct. The notes to the first volume of Herodotus, by Dr. Stocker, are not only a source from which much sound scholarship may be gathered; but from the collation of similar idioms, and the comparison of parallel passages, an enlarged and comprehensive acquaintance with the peculiarities of the language cannot fail to be derived. We do not recollect the whole range of the classics being brought to bear more effectively upon the illustration of an author and of each other, than they are made to do under the expansive mind of Dr. Stocker. The Examination Questions attached to the end of each volume are well calculated to brush up the memories of the oblivious, and resuscitate the faculties of retention.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### TOADS.

To the Editor, &c.

SIR,—In your last Number, I observed a curious statement from Mr. St. John's *Narrative of a Residence in Normandy*, of his having been puzzled to account for strange music all around him on a night in spring. He describes the noise as resembling the distant tinkling of small bells breaking suddenly upon the ear. He mentions that the peasants, of whom he inquired the cause of this strange music, generally attributed it to the toads. I should have been of their opinion, from my own observation of a toad which I kept and watched continually for nearly two years. I was often suddenly surprised by his making a sharp tinkling noise at night, or late in the evening, which often made me start as I sat reading or writing; and for

some time I was at a loss to account for so unusual a noise. As well as I recollect, it occurred in the spring, but I think also in the summer months; and I noticed that it chiefly happened after a continuance of dry weather, and before rain. The noise was exactly such as described by Mr. St. John, and it differed entirely from the usual croaking of toads, which differs also from the noise of frogs. Being thus led into the subject, it may be amusing to your readers to know the particulars of this curious fancy of mine to keep a toad. All our natural histories are strangely deficient in their accounts of this poor persecuted animal; some of them continue to repeat old stories, and cherish old prejudices in their regard, which in these enlightened days of scientific discovery are really disgraceful. Partly from a desire to familiarise myself with an animal so generally abhorred, and partly to learn by my own observation such particulars of its history as I had in vain sought for in books, I began to keep a common toad, which I picked up in my garden June 28, 1827. It was a male, and I think about a year and a half old at the time of my taking it into custody. He measured then an inch and three quarters in length; but in the following October he had increased to two inches and a quarter. His greatest length before he died was two inches and a half; and I considered him then as full grown, as I never saw a male toad larger, though I have observed a great number. The large heavy toads which we see, sometimes of enormous bulk, are all females. Having often kept the German *laubfrosch*, or beautiful green leaf frog, I adopted nearly the same plan with my toad. This was to place him in a large glass jar, with moss at the bottom, and sometimes water enough to saturate the moss, but oftener with only a piece of green sod, which I changed when the grass began to wither. Sometimes I contrived to let him have a little well of water in the sod; but I never saw him go into water freely; only when he was frightened, he would plunge in and bury his head at the bottom under the sod. Whether he ever knew me, I much doubt; but certainly he was always perfectly tame, and would sit on my hand, let me stroke him, and walk about on my table or carpet with apparent familiarity and contentment. I usually let him out on the table every day; and he would jump down upon the carpet, and hop and crawl about, always making for the skirting-board, which he climbed very ludicrously, and seemed fond of sitting in a corner on the top of it. He ate freely, from the first day I had him; but would never take any thing unless he saw it move. In the whole time, I gave him all the following varieties: flies of all kinds, wasps, and bees, first removing their stings; gnats, which he would snap up at the window, while I held him on my hand up to the pane of glass, with an eagerness that appeared insatiable, and was very amusing; clap-baits, lady-birds, caddices, ants: of these last I used occasionally to give him a treat, by bringing home part of a hillock, and putting him down in the midst of it. He would raise himself on all fours, and with his eyes glistening with something like civic ecstasy, would dart out his tongue, right and left, as rapidly as lightning, and lap up the ants in quick succession, with the most laughable gulosity. I also gave him earwigs, glow-worms, wood-lice, grasshoppers, spiders, dragon-flies, ticks, horse-leeches, grubs, moths, and any insect I could meet with. All seemed equally welcome, either by night or day; but it was most diverting to see him contend with

a worm. He would dart upon it, secure one end, and swallow with all his might; but the worm would annoy him by creeping out of his mouth before he could swallow it entirely; and I have known him persevere for nearly half an hour, attempting to secure his prize, while the worm kept constantly escaping. He would take a snail, when he once saw it extended and in motion; though he always dashed at the shell, and took all down together in a moment, but could not manage one of large size. It was to me a great source of amusement to feed him, and watch his singular movements. He was often frightened, but very seldom provoked. I once or twice, however, provoked him, I think, to as much wrath as his cold nature was susceptible of; but I feel quite assured that the toad is at all times perfectly harmless and inoffensive: the idea of its spitting or otherwise discharging venom is, I am convinced, wholly unfounded.

In the winter months my toad always refused food, though he did not become torpid, but grew thin, and moved much less than at other times. He did not eat from the end of November to March, gradually losing his appetite and gradually recovering it: he never seemed affected by cold, except in the way of losing his inclination for food. He was most lively towards evening, when his eyes became most brilliant; and he was then more sure of seizing his prey than in broad daylight. On the 29th of March 1829, I found him dead, in the position in which he had sat for several days before, and with his eyes closed. His death was caused, as I imagine, by the unusually long continuance of severe weather in that winter, which appeared to exhaust him before his natural appetite returned: he could not have died from starvation, for the day before I had tempted him with a lively fly, which he refused.

This toad was generally of a dirty yellow or brown colour, which, upon looking at him closely, appeared like gold, however unlike it at a distance; but at various times he assumed different hues—sometimes greenish, sometimes nearly black. I do not believe that the colour of toads has any connexion with the weather, whatever may be the case with frogs; for I have observed several hundreds of toads together upon a warm day in spring, all in one place, and exhibiting among them every shade of colour. It is pretty generally known, that the spawn of toads is very different from that of frogs: it is in very long strings of gelatinous substance, studded with black specks, all in a row, appearing on the water like threads of black worsted. I took some of this spawn one year, on the 14th of March, and put it into a large basin of water: it produced tadpoles on the 12th of April, which fed upon the glutinous matter around them till it was exhausted, when I fed them with pond-weed, of which they ate voraciously. In the middle of June they put forth two hind feet; and in the beginning of July they had fore-feet, after which their tails shrunk up and disappeared. On the 5th of July I put them into a glass with only water; but several were drowned, being unable to get out of the water: I then placed them in another glass with a sod; they were lively on the 12th of July; but I could not find any food which they would take—I tried the smallest insects, but could get nothing so suit them. The consequence was, that they all died by the end of the month. I was desirous to bring up a young toad from the very spawn. If any of your readers can give information as to the food of toads as soon as they begin to crawl

about, I shall be glad. If the foregoing particulars are likely to interest your readers, you will oblige me by publishing them in your next. I remain, sir, &c.

March 7, 1831.

F. C. HUSENBETH.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

**Dr. EDMUND CLARK** on the remarkable volcanic phenomena exhibited by Vesuvius, and on the discovery and remains of Pompeii. The Dr. began by retracing and exhibiting views of the volcano from its present state to that mentioned by the early writers, and placed clearly before the imagination the sublime spectacle of a fierce eruption, by the aid of some very large and effective drawings; entered into the remarkable appearances presented by the fiery streams of lava; and shewed various specimens of ashes and lava ejected by the mountain. Having rapidly described the more violent eruptions of modern times, he went back to the recorded narrative of the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum by Pliny; then, carrying the attention to a large plan of the city of Pompeii, he described its discovery, and reverted to the fact mentioned by Suetonius, that some of the Pompeians did return to search for their buried property. Entering the Forum Nundinarius, and describing its general appearance and uses, Dr. Clark passed on to the theatres; then to the house of the sculptor, the temples of Esculapius and Isis, and the fate of its priests. Advancing along the streets, a succinct description was given of the blocks of lava which form the main road; of the raised foot pavement, the worn impression of wheels, the signs of the houses, the shops, and their general structure; the Forum, Temple of Venus, granaries, and prison; the mode of shutting the Forum at night, and general superiority of the public edifices. Then, issuing from the Forum, winding along the narrow streets to the house of Acteon, and stopping at intervals to exhibit various utensils found among the ruins,—a bell, vase, metallic mirror, saltcellar, specimen of Pompeii glass, with drawings of many other domestic instruments,—he went on to the Herculanean Gate and the Street of Tombs, describing and exhibiting large sketches of the house of Diomedes; the subterranean apartment, containing amphora, and the position of the group of skeletons found huddled together near the end of the room round that of their mistress, who was distinguished by gilded bracelets, and other costly ornaments. Then passing down the Street of Tombs, and detailing the appearance of the few skeletons there found, near the semicircular seat, he returned through the ruins of the city to the amphitheatre at its further extremity,—and concluded a lecture, crowded with facts, by some account of the specimens of bread, fruit, the ceratonia siliqua, and other curiosities discovered among the ashes. The lecture was protracted beyond the usual period, but the subject seemed to excite general interest.

Many fine works and specimens were in the library, illustrative of the subject in the lecture-room. There were also models of a tide semaphore, for indicating the depth of water in a harbour mouth, to vessels at sea during the night-time; of Colonel Walker's fire-escape;\* and other useful inventions. Two curious

\* Colonel Walker is, we believe, exhibiting this experiment publicly, and with great apparent success. It is a valuable and ingenious plan; and we only wonder that similar things are generally so long in procuring adoption.

native Kandyan drawings, descriptive of some historical circumstances in the revolution of 1812, were also exhibited.

#### COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

**SIR HENRY HALFORD**, Bart. in the chair. This was the second meeting of the season. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a paper from the pen of Dr. Heberden, on the general principles to be observed in the management and care of the sick; in which the moral conduct of a physician, as contrasted with *charlatanerie*, and his professional conduct, as contrasted with empiricism, were set forth with admirable sense and judgment. The true physician, the author observed, will not seek to cure diseases by luck, but by skill; not by the magical agency of a nostrum or specific, but by the judicious use of those means which the experience of former times has placed in his hands. Nor will he be contented with understanding the structure and physiology of the body alone; but will seek to estimate and to regulate the corresponding influence of the mind. He will judge when it is proper to soothe and encourage his patient, when to alarm his fears, and when to animate his hopes. Although he may seek on some occasions to prevent surprise, and to blunt the keen edge of affliction; yet will he never forfeit his patient's confidence by violating the truth. In the treatment even of incurable disorders, he will still endeavour to alleviate or soften those calamities which he is unable to avert. When he can do nothing else, he may still, in the language of the poet,—

" Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death."

Even in the last solemn hour, a judicious physician will be regarded as a friend, under whose care the dying man will utter his latest breath with more complacency. The value of a physician's attendance is likewise very sensibly felt by the friends and family of the sick. They are relieved from a heavy weight of responsibility; from the doubts and fears of erring in matters which may be of importance, and from the painful task of judging often between jarring opinions officially obstructed upon them. For these things the physician is the proper remedy; and not only his skill, but his prudence, should be such as to inspire confidence, to remove difficulties, and to take upon himself, if necessary, the entire charge and management of the sick.

The author proceeded to notice certain errors in modern practice, particularly the abuse of calomel in every kind of case, in the hands of ignorant pretenders. The treatment of some disorders also, such as heartburn, worms, and dropsy, he considered to be often conducted upon narrow principles, and directed rather to the relief of particular symptoms than to the removal of their cause. In conclusion, he suggested some reasons for calling in question the propriety of concentrating the virtues, and reducing the bulk of medicines, in the manner which has more and more prevailed of late years.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

**WEDNESDAY, March 2.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq. president, in the chair.** Several fellows were elected. A paper was first read "on the ripple marks and tracks of animals in the Forest Marble," by George Poulett Scrope, Esq. The reading of a paper was then begun, entitled, "Description of a series of longitudinal and transverse sections through a portion of the carboniferous chain between Penrith and Kirby Stephen," by Professor Sedg-

wick. Among the donations laid upon the table, was a collection of recent shells from the sea-coast near Swan River, presented by Archdeacon Scott.

#### MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

**EARL STANHOPE** in the chair.—A translation from a Spanish dissertation on the first discovery of the guaco plant in South America—the medical uses of which have been repeatedly adverted to in the *Literary Gazette*; and a paper by Dr. Hancock, on the tasteless emetic, were read by Dr. Sigmond. A lecture on the *papaver somniferum* was delivered by Mr. Gilbert Burnett, the professor of botany; Mr. Evered illustrated the lecture by a variety of experiments, and gave a chemical history of the discoveries of morphine, narcotine, and meconic acid, the details of which would neither be interesting nor understood by the general reader. Mr. Clendinning was elected secretary, in the room of H. Gibbs, Esq., who was elected treasurer, in consequence of the resignation of his father.

#### SINGULAR EFFECT OF HEAT ON METALS.

A DISCOVERY of a very curious nature, and one which promises to throw light on the subject of the propagation of heat among bodies, has recently been made by a gentleman now studying at the university here, Mr. Trevelyan, son of Sir Arthur Trevelyan, of Northumberland. It is this:—if a bar of iron or brass, a common poker for instance, be heated in the fire, and then laid down on the floor or on a table, with the heated extremity resting on the edge of a block of lead two or three inches square, and one inch thick, the round knob of the handle resting on the table; if it be then lifted up and laid down again several times, to try the effect of different positions, and rocked a little, so as to set it a-going; it continues for a long time vibrating and emitting a sound, varying in tone and intensity with the table or mass on which it stands. To exhibit the effect, however, more conspicuously, and always with decisive success, Mr. Trevelyan has bars of brass or iron made on purpose, about twelve inches long; three or four inches of the bar at the one end is broad and flat, having the under-side formed with a longitudinal ridge, on which the bar being laid, may rock or vibrate easily up and down. This part is about one and a half inches broad, and one-half inch thick at the ridge; the remainder of the bar is formed into a round handle, about one half inch diameter. When the flat end of this bar is heated, and laid with the ridge on a flat block of lead, an inch or two thick and several inches square, it immediately begins of itself a gentle rocking motion, which increases to a certain extent, and then continues uniformly for a long time moving regularly, and vibrating in a most surprising manner. If a bar of brass, ten or twelve inches long, be laid across the other, this vibrates along with it, and shews the effect still more conspicuously; if, instead of balancing the bar on the flat part of the lead, it be rested on the edge, and the other extremity on the table, no vibration is observable—but a loud and distinct sound is emitted from the apparatus, which continues for a long time to be heard. If we press with the finger on the table, or on the metal, the tone varies, and sometimes ceases; if we give the table a gentle rap, it again commences, and continues as before; if we set the apparatus on a box or sounding-board, the tones are highly musical. These are the principal effects which have

hitherto been discovered; they are, so far as we know, perfectly new, and certainly very curious and important. They evidently arise from some peculiar action of the heated metal on the cold, as the heat passes from the one to the other, and is gradually transmitted through the mass; and they serve clearly, we think, to unveil some of the mysteries by which this great element operates on the internal particles of matter, penetrating into the heart of every substance, and diffusing continually its influence, until an equal temperature prevails throughout.\*

#### BISCUIT-BAKING BY STEAM.

UNTIL within the last few years, all the flour and biscuit consumed in the navy was furnished by private contract. The most flagrant impositions and frauds were but too generally the consequence of this mode of supply, in defiance of all the vigilance of the heads of departments. The flour and biscuit were stipulated to be of the second-best quality; but instead of this, the former was generally mouldy, damaged, or of a very inferior description to that bargained for; while the latter was usually compounded of bad flour, bean meal, old worm-eaten biscuits ground down, and various other cheap or unwholesome materials. To obviate these frauds, government, a few years ago, erected steam-mills at Deptford and Portsmouth, for the purpose of grinding flour for the navy; and a very superior and cheaper article being the result, it was determined, in addition to grinding the flour, to attempt also the manufacture of biscuit from it, at these establishments. The impossibility of accommodating and effectually superintending the multitude of bakers required to knead the dough in the usual way, by hand, so as to effect the supplying of the whole navy, would have rendered this praiseworthy effort, in a great measure, abortive, had not the ingenuity of Mr. Grant, storekeeper at Portsmouth, obviated the difficulty. By the attachment of a few simple pieces of machinery to the engine driving the flour-mill, the dough is now worked, rolled out, and stamped into biscuits, with an expedition inconceivable, and with a saving of two-thirds of the number of bakers required to perform these processes by hand. The flour and water are first put into a trough, through which passes an iron spindle, armed with eighteen knives, in two rows, i. e. nine in each row, on opposite sides of the spindle. A strap connected with the engine turns the spindle round; and by means of the revolving knives, the flour and water are in a few minutes worked into dough fit for being stamped into biscuits. The dough is now taken piecemeal from the trough, and shaped by hand into longish rolls, upon two movable baking-boards, supported by small iron pillars, having castor-wheels at top: these pillars are in three rows, extending from the trough to the two rolling-machines; and along the castors upon their tops the baking-boards are pushed, by hand, towards the rollers, under which the dough is rolled out into thin cakes, by their backward and forward swinging motion. The baking-boards are now pushed out, by hand, from under the rollers, and slid along three other rows of pillars connecting the two rollers with the two cutting machines, each containing forty-two hexagonal dies, under

which they are momentarily placed, and eighty-four biscuits thus cut out by a single stamp of the two machines. The kneading, rolling, and stamping portions of the machinery, being all separate, can consequently be put in motion or at rest at the will of the baker. By the machinery at Portsmouth, under Mr. Grant's superintendence, 160,000 pounds of biscuit can be manufactured in twenty-four hours—constituting a day's ration for the crews of twenty sail of the line; and with eight or ten such pieces of machinery, biscuit rations may be daily manufactured for 160,000 men, being the greatest number of seamen and marines employed during the hottest period of the war. About 5,000 has been expended in erecting the baking apparatus at Portsmouth; a considerable portion of which expense was naturally occasioned by the alterations and improvements consequent on the erection of a new piece of machinery; but even this sum will be refunded to government during the first year of its employment, by the saving made. This saving of expense, however, is not the only recommendation—the biscuit being free from flintiness, and in every respect more palatable than that baked by hand, in consequence of being more thoroughly kneaded. From the rapidity of the manufacture, also, no more biscuit need now be baked than is required for immediate use, from the supply by this process being as certain as it is rapid; so that our seamen will in future have always fresh-baked and wholesome biscuit served out to them, even on foreign stations, instead of the stale, mouldy, worm-eaten, and unpalatable contract trash generally furnished during the war, which had often been baked for years before issued. It is only those who have been doomed to the pangs of the contract flour and biscuit that can duly appreciate the great boon conferred upon our brave seamen by this project of the government; the above articles now supplied to the navy being very superior in quality to those furnished the merchant service—such indeed, as are fitting for any gentleman's table; and all this at a much lower cost than the former contract supplies.

The first bags of biscuit of this manufacture having, in addition to the usual King's mark of the broad arrow, the word "Machinery" stamped in capital characters upon them, this novel and imposing symbol at once struck the eyes of the superstitious tar as something very mysterious, and many were the solutions attempted of the enigma; until one, more deeply read than the rest, dropping upon one knee, and rolling his quid round and round in his mouth, while tracing with his finger and spelling and re-spelling over and over the ominous word, at length started up from his reverie, and exclaimed with an oath, "Why, it ain't only the name of the swab of a baker—Mac Henry, Mac Henry, that's all that's in it!" and the "machinery biscuit" is now, consequently, known among the tars by the cognomen of "Mac Henry's biscuit." P. C.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—A paper, by H. R. Palmer, Esq., entitled "Description of a graphical register of tides and winds," was read. The Bishop of Chester, Lord Selkirk, and others, were admitted fellows. The President described the gracious reception the Society's Council met with at court on Thursday—that his Majesty, according to ancient custom, had written the

royal signature in the Society's book of laws—that he was exceedingly anxious for the welfare of the Society, expressing a wish that a friendly intercourse might be cultivated with men of science at foreign courts. Her Majesty the Queen also received the Council very graciously, and answered its address in corresponding terms. In conclusion, the royal Duke observed there was no wish of his heart more sincere than that the favour entertained by their Majesties for the Society might promote a perfect and permanent unanimity amongst the members—a feeling which was responded to by the cheers of the assembly.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mrs. AMYOTT in the chair.—S. W. Thack, Esq. exhibited to the Society a square-shaped glass vase or pitcher of large dimensions, and three cups of red pottery, all apparently Roman, found at Harpenden, on the Luton Road, about five miles from St. Albans. Mr. Knight exhibited some Roman clay coin-moulds, one with a coin in it, discovered near Lingwall Gate, in the parish of Wakefield Outwood in Yorkshire. It appears questionable whether these moulds were for casting coin to pay the soldiers in Britain, or whether they were the work of Roman forgers of coin. The secretary continued the reading of the Rev. John Skinner's letters on the site of Camelodunum.

#### ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON in the chair, who liberally presented three celebrated Chinese works, in history, classics, and novels; and Sir Alexander Johnston, a double sea cocoanut in its husk, procured from one of the Seychelle islands. A portion of one of these coco-nuts always forms a part of the annual present sent by the sultan of the Maldives to the Ceylonese government. It is believed by the superstitious natives to be one of the articles produced by the sea when it was churned by the good and evil spirits to obtain the cup of immortality. Mr. Elliot presented a variety of curious objects in natural history, and some Persian MSS. Mr. L. Kennedy a piece of bamboo, containing the substance called in India *bhanslochun*, or *tabasheer*,—together with specimens of the substance. This substance resembles the opal, without the polish, and is used by the native physicians; with what effect, however, is a matter not stated. Dr. Turnbull Christie observed, that it is a silicious substance, and when the bamboo was green is moist and translucent; in this respect remarkably coinciding with the chalcedony, which in the rocks (chiefly basalt) where it is met with, has frequently the same appearance, but becomes hard and opaque, like the tabasheer, when exposed to the air. Dr. Christie likewise remarked, that it was not produced only in bamboo, but was also found in teak; neither was it found in all kinds of bamboo, nor in all parts of India. He was requested to furnish a written communication on this curious substance. A further portion of Colonel Broughton's Hindu almanac, and part of a Muhammadan History of the Prophets, were read.

#### LITERARY FUND.

On Wednesday the general annual meeting of the Literary Fund, for the election of officers, &c. was held at the chambers of the Society in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The president, the Duke of Somerset, was re-elected; as were also all the vice-presidents and the council, with little alteration. Vacancies from retirements, &c.

\* We have copied this interesting notice from the Edinburgh Courant of the 26th ult., having previously heard only vague rumours of the remarkable experiments which it describes. The editor considers the discovery to offer a singular confirmation of Professor Leslie's theory in his *Essay on Heat*. No doubt the experiments will be ardently taken up by philosophical inquirers in all parts, at home and abroad.—Ed. L. G.

were filled in from the general committee. The auditors' report of the finances was read, and exhibited a favourable state of the funds, though the relief administered to suffering meritorious authors, and their widows and orphans, had been very considerable; as every case of distress and desert had been relieved with a liberal hand. The club afterwards dined together, the Earl of Mountnorris in the chair; and the anniversary was appointed for the second Wednesday in May, when a numerous attendance of the principal patrons of literature, and of the leading literary characters of the age, is anticipated.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Ruins and Scenery of South Wales*; from Drawings after Nature by J. E. H. Robinson; executed on stone by J. E. H. Robinson, J. S. Templeton, and G. Childs. No. I. Engle-mann, Graf, Coindet, and Co.

"THE castle and monastic ruins, and other architectural antiquities of Wales," observes Mr. Robinson, in his prospectus, "are very numerous; those of South Wales exceeding fifty; and are justly celebrated for their picturesque beauty, and variously interesting expression. Many of them are in high preservation, and, from their generally bold and elevated situations, objects of commanding attraction and interest. The scenery that surrounds them is generally fine, and often extremely captivating and impressive. Ruins are always interesting, and generally the principal features in the scenes in which they appear; bestowing additional charm on surrounding objects, and often receiving from them an increase of beauty and expression. The eye dwells on them with delight, and the mind muses with agreeable melancholy; recalling the times long passed in which they flourished; and seeing in them but an image of its own fleeting and perishable existence."

The work is to consist of twelve numbers, each number containing six plates. Those which embellish the present number are full of picturesque quality, and are executed in a fine, bold, artist-like style. This is a publication well calculated to assist in reviving that just admiration of our domestic scenery, which the facilities of continental travelling have for some years in a great measure suspended.

*Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea*. From original Sketches by Captain Robert Elliot, R. N., with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations. Part VII. Fisher, Son, and Co. *The Palace of the Seven Stories, Beejapore*; "a ruin," says Captain Elliot, "of as great beauty and as much elegance as any of the finest Gothic antiquities of Europe;" *Jahara Bang*, or "the garden situated on the bank of the Jumna, opposite to the upper part of the city of Agra;" and *Abkar's Tomb, Se-cundra*, "in point of magnificence the most remarkable of all the Mogul monuments;" are the embellishments which the pencils of Messrs. Purser and Boys, and the gravers of Messrs. W. Finden, W. J. Cooke, and J. Ralph, have furnished for the seventh part of this fine collection of oriental scenery. The last-mentioned subject is singularly picturesque and grand. "Abkar," it is observed, "was a noble and a justly renowned monarch, who left behind him the greatest name that was ever known in India, in Mahomedan times.

\* \* \* When Sir George Nugent's army

was at Agra, in the year 1808 or 1809, a regiment of English cavalry was quartered, and their horses picketed, in this tomb. How distant from the mind of him, over whose ashes, and to whose memory, this great fabric was raised, must have been the conception, that such a scene would ever be witnessed at the monument of his power; or that ever a strange people should come, from almost the ends of the earth, to take possession of the empire that he had fought so hard, and laboured so strenuously, to establish!"

*Views above Kurrah Manickpore*. By Lieut. G. Abbott, 15th Regt. N. I. Drawn on stone by M. Gauci, F. Nicholson, and W. Gauci. Colnaghi and Co.

THESE views are very pleasing in themselves, and must be highly interesting to those who have visited, or who have connexions in, the part of India, namely, the province of Allahabad, to which they refer. When to this we add, that they are published as a mode of relieving Mrs. Abbott, Lieutenant Abbott's mother, a widow now in England after a long residence in India, who, with her family, has been left without the smallest means of support, in consequence of the recent failure of one of the first mercantile houses in Calcutta; we are sure we need not say any thing further in recommendation of them to our readers. The work is dedicated, by permission, to the East India Company.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE FAITHFUL.

THOU wert young, Love, ere we parted—a gay and graceful flower,  
With heart as light, and brow as bright, as summer's sunniest hour;  
With lips that shamed the forest rose, and whispers soft and low  
As living streams of paradise at morn were heard to flow.

Thou wert young, Love, ere we parted—thy gift of life was blest  
With hope that, like a spirit-bird, sang ever in thy breast;  
Thy thoughts were like those fairy gems the good alone may find,  
Thy cares like twilight clouds that shew the beaming stars behind!

Thou wert young, Love, when we parted—pale sorrow bathed thy cheek,  
And sadder bodings chill'd thy heart than sighs had skill to speak;  
But love hath wordless melody, an eloquence no tongue  
May e'er express in human speech, or breathe in sweetest song!

The ship lay rocking in the bay—the southern breeze sprang fair;  
I kiss'd thy cold and alter'd cheek, and wildly left thee there:  
I wept not then, my lips were steeped in tears, but not mine own;  
For grief had parch'd my heart's warm dew, and held it seared and lone!

The moonlight rose upon the sea, but found nor ship nor bark;  
Like hills of silver shone the waves, but all the shore lay dark!  
As though thy maiden beauty graced and gladden'd e'en the sea;  
But, ah! the shore was dark, my Love, thy light had gone from me!

To other lands away—away—thy loveliness was borne;

Oh! wherefore, e'er we bade farewell, had I not died that morn?

The dawn rose o'er the purple waves all beautiful and free,

Yet still the shore lay dark, my Love, there came no morn for me!

Oh! I remember well the hour, when months and months were past,  
Those blessed lines of love from thee—from thee arrived at last!

I kissed each word thy hand had traced, each sign thy touch had left,  
And, trembling, hid it next my heart,—I was not quite bereft!

Thou wert young, Love, e're we parted; thy step was fleet and free,

And graceful as the dappled fawn that bounds o'er lawn and lea;

Yet why regret the lost, the sweet, the early scenes we ranged,

Through wave and storm, at length we meet—the same, but ah! how changed!

The daring breath of Time hath touched thy chestnut curls with snow,

Thy form hath lost its fawn-like grace—thine eyes their sunny glow;

Yet art thou still the same to me—ay, dear in thy decay,

As when, a bright and beauteous girl, thou heard'st my first fond lay.

Our passion was no sun-born flower a moment starts to light,

That wastes its bloom in one brief day, and withers in a night:

Ours was no transitory love, that like the rainbow plays;

And wreaths the memory just so long as it may charm the gaze!

But like the tree that lifts its head amidst the northern snows,

And steadfast weathers every breeze and every blast that blows;

That, when the latest leaf hath past, remembers but the spring;

For night which closes in so fast, a second morn may bring!

C. SWAIN.

2, Dacre Place, Manchester.

## A SONG.

"Surely a sense of our mortality,  
A consciousness how soon we shall be gone,  
Or if we linger but a few short years,  
How sure to look upon our brother's grave,  
Should of itself incline to pity and to love."

Rogers.

WHY do we darken with strife and with care  
The brief gleams of sunshine that fall to our share?

[I know,

Our whole span of life is so fleeting, Heaven It seems but a wild dream that troubles repose.

And yet we oft waste it in futile desires,  
In contests the demon of discord inspires,  
And blight and destroy in our folly or wrath  
The flowers that, spontaneous, spring up in our path.

How bright and how blest would life's pilgrimage be,  
If in fellowship sacred all hearts would agree  
To bear and forbear, in compassion and love,  
And mercy that emulates angels above!

O then this wide earth, which at present appears  
Distracted with tumults and tarnished by tears,  
Would smile in the light of that spirit divine,  
Like the Eden where Love reared his holiest shrine!

CATHARINE GRACE GODWIN.  
Burnside, Westmorland.

## MUSIC.

## PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert, on Monday last, was, like the first, made up almost entirely of compositions from the German school, there being only two pieces of Rossini, and all the rest from Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr. The frequent introduction of the latter composer, and his great and sudden popularity (at least, with the directors), are new proofs of the vicissitude of taste in music. Not more than a year ago, the Philharmonic audience, with very few exceptions, invariably used to murmur at the dulness of his unmelodious strains. There is, however, in most of what he writes, a solidity, which, when properly understood, compensates for the want of vivacity. The opera *Faust*, from which the overture and scene, "Che sento," had been selected for the present occasion, is, in Germany, reckoned his best work. The overture is very characteristic, but not easily comprehended on a first hearing; and we cannot guess why the concert should commence with an overture instead of a symphony, according to the long-established order, since the overture to *Faust* is not introductory to the scene immediately following. Signor Lablache is no stranger to the German school, having been for some years at the Italian Opera in Vienna; and Spohr's elaborate scene seemed to give him as little trouble as if it had been an aria of Paisiello's. The other two vocalists also—Mrs. Wood in the duetto "Bella immagine" (*Semiramide*), with Signor Lablache, and Mr. Bennett, the new tenor, (in another duetto with the Signor), "Parlar, spiegar"—acquitted themselves most honourably. Beethoven's magnificent violin quartet in C minor, by Messrs. Tolbecke (from the Paris school), Griesbach, Moralt, and Lindley, contributed their ample share to the delight of the evening; and so did Beethoven's symphony in D, and Mozart's in C (with the fugue), each unique, and unexcelled in its kind. Under the masterly direction of Mori, they were both admirably performed, especially the first. Mozart's notturno, for wind instruments, is an old favourite in the Philharmonic; though it cannot be denied that wind instruments, unrelied by others, soon appear monotonous, particularly in a room. The whole concert went off exceedingly well.

## DRAMA.

## KING'S THEATRE.

*La Cenerentola*, with the admirable performances of Mrs. Wood, Lablache, De Begnis, &c., has revived the Opera, which generally languishes during the early part of the season. With the splendid spectacle of *Kenilworth*, the entertainments, altogether, deserve to be attended by crowded audiences.

## DRURY LANE.

MR. KEAN has terminated his engagement. We fear it has not been a profitable one to the management. At the conclusion of his performance of *Brutus*, on Monday evening, he came forward, in obedience to the call of the audience, and expressed his thanks for the kindness he had received at the hands of the public. He spoke feebly, and was evidently labouring under severe illness. Nature and genius have performed, however, so many miracles for this distinguished actor, that we do not yet despair of seeing him terminate his theatrical career as brilliantly as it commenced. But, warned by wholesome though

bitter experience, he must retire, — not for three or four months, but for three or four years,—if he hope to recover his physical power, the decline of which, alone, has been perceptible during his late performances, the mind appearing to be as vigorous as ever, and the will to do having occasionally furnished him for a few moments with the absolute ability. Let him take no more foolish farewells.—The only novelty here since our last, has been the farce of *Decorum*, which, as we hear it was rather precipitately condemned, we are glad we did not see. The author, too, has moved for new trial; and as he is one who has entertained us much upon former occasions, we sincerely wish him all the benefit of a fresh jury. The cause is down in the paper for next week.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A NEW piece has been produced, to gild the closing, short, but brilliant and successful season of this little theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. Planché, and called *My Great Aunt*,—which great aunt is greatly performed by Mrs. Edwin. The hint of this very clever and entertaining trifle seems to be taken from Pickard's five-act comedy of *La Vieille Tante*; but the author has, with his wonted skill, condensed its spirit into an Olympic nutshell,—all kernel, though enlivened with the magots of Mrs. Edwin.

**THEATRE FRANÇAIS.**—It is said, that Messrs. Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas have offered to the commission, appointed by the Minister of the Interior to regenerate the Théâtre Français, to take upon themselves, at their own risk and peril, the direction of that establishment, without any assistance. It is added, that this proposition is warmly supported by M. le Baron Taylor, one of the commissioners.

## VARIETIES.

**United States' Expedition.**—The scientific expedition for the exploration of the South Seas, fitted out by the United States, has entirely failed. The crew of the ship mutinied, and after having set the superintendents of the expedition a-shore in Peru, carried the vessel into St. Mary's, a little south of Concepcion.

**Borate of Magnesia.**—M. Gaillardot has discovered the borate of magnesia in the keuper gypsum, near Luneville.

**Salt Springs.**—For a long time they have been labouring at Lons-le-Saulnier, in France, to discover the mine of mineral salt from which the water proceeds that animates the salt spring. At length the undertaking has been crowned with success: the sound, after penetrating about three hundred and fifty (French) feet, has touched the salt bank.

**Aurora Borealis.**—A correspondent of the French Academy writes, that, one evening, making some magnetic experiments with magnetic needles, he suddenly observed a singular disorder in their action. The next day he heard that the aurora borealis had appeared at that time; and to that phenomenon he attributes the irregularity of the needles.

**Atoms.**—M. Becquerel, the French Academician, in making some thermo-electrical experiments on atoms, has ascertained that in certain combinations atoms arrange themselves as little galvanic piles, the reciprocal action of which constitutes what is called molecular attraction.

**Botanical Tour in Mexico and California.**—Mr. Drummond, of Belfast, is, we learn, about to proceed by New York to New Orleans, and thence to Mexico and California, on a botanical excursion. The perseverance and activity of this gentleman will ensure useful and important results. He expects to be absent for several years.

**Dr. Edward Rüppell.**—This enterprising and enthusiastic traveller left Frankfort in the early part of November last, to reside again in North Africa. He undertakes this journey, as he did his former one, entirely at his own cost; and having gone out with the intention of spending the remainder of his private fortune (about 3000*l.*) in this undertaking, he has made an arrangement with the town, which he returns, they will allow him an annuity of 100*l.* The museum of Frankfort, entirely formed by the collections made during Dr. Rüppell's last residence in Africa, and by the articles obtained in exchange for his duplicates, certainly ranks third among the continental museums.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XI. March 12.]

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lloyd on Light and Vision, 8vo. 15*s.* bds.—Curtis's Treatise on the Ear, fifth edition, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Faith in Christ, post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Snowden's Moorish Queen, post 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Smith's Description of his Patent Metallic Linings, &c. for Chimneys, royal 8vo. 4*s.* bds.—The Preacher, Vol. I. containing Sixty-six Sermons, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dunbar's Greek and English Lexicon, 8vo. 1*s.* 5*d.* bds.—Noble's Orientalist, or Letters of a Rabbi, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Sotheby's Homer's Iliad, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.* bds.—Weber's Anatomical Plates, Parts I. and II. 1*s.* each.—Martial's Greek Dialects, by Seeger, 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific, 2 vols. 10*s.* 4*d.* bds.—Sir John Sinclair's Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. 9*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Murchison's Manuscript Scriptural Narratives, 8vo. 1*s.* bds.—Matthew's Byzantium and other Poems, post 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Sunday-School Memorials, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.—Mrs. Stevens' Comments, Vols. XIX. and XX. 8vo. 10*s.* bds.—The Test of Truth, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* bds.—Rev. J. Scott's Church History, Vol. III. 8vo. 12*s.* bds.—Morehead's Tour of the Holy Land, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Jukes on Lavenants in Indigenous, 18mo. 5*s.* bds.—Montgomery's Oxford, post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.; Illustrations to ditto, prints, 8*s.* 6*d.* proofs, 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Dewhurst's Guide to Human and Comparative Phrenology, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Stewart's Mair's Syntax, 18mo. 2*s.* sheep; do. with Vocabulary, 18mo. 3*s.* sheep.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1831.

MARCH.	APRIL.	Thermometer.	BAROMETER.
TUESDAY . . . . 3	From 43. to 57.	29.52 to 29.62	
FRIDAY . . . . 4	— 40. — 56.	29.65 — 29.86	
SATURDAY . . . . 5	— 43. — 50.	29.78 — 29.93	
SUNDAY . . . . 6	— 45. — 52.	29.91 — 29.96	
MONDAY . . . . 7	— 51. — 38.	29.58 — 29.75	
TUESDAY . . . . 8	— 26. — 51.	29.70 — 29.46	
WEDNESDAY . . . . 9	— 34. — 56.	29.46 — 29.63	

Wind variable, S.W. prevailing.

Except the 4th and 7th, generally overcast, with frequent rain.

Rain fallen, —5 of an inch.

**Aurora Borealis.**—On the evening of Monday, the 7th inst., the northern and western parts of our horizon were brilliantly illuminated from half-past eight to ten; the coruscations were but few, and of short duration.

**Solar Spots.**—The cluster of spots which has been on the sun's disc the past week is as large as any which have been observed here since the year 1817.

Edmonton.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. Z. Z.'s descriptions, though minute, do not enable us to distinguish the plant he mentions. If he will send us a specimen, with a note of the soil and situation in which it grew, we will give him the information he desires.

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